SCS #1193

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SCS #1193

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POETICAL REMAINS

OF

JAMES THE FIRST,

KING OF SCOTLAND.

I Decus, I noſtrum, melioribus utere fatis. VIRGIL.

——— Sine pondere terram,
Spirantesque crocos, et in urna perpetuum ver. JUV.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR J. AND E. BALFOUR.

M,DCC,LXXXIII.

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ERRATA.

In the firſt Diſſertation, page 6. line 16. for *cantare* read *ſaltare*.

In p. 43. l. 19. read *half a century*.

In p. 17. l. 5. for *ſate* read *fall*.

In p. 83. laſt line in the notes, read *orfevrerie*.

In p. 140. in the notes, l. 4. for *poets* read *poet*.

In p. 142. l. 6. *hortis* probably is an error of the tranſcriber, in place of *ſportis*, which is more applicable to the grey-hound, for ſport.

In p. 143. in the notes, for *leſty* read *leſte*, an old French word for *nimble*, or *active*, which is an epithet very ſuitable to the nature of the beaver.

A

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL

DISSERTATION

ON THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

JAMES I. KING OF SCOTLAND.

A

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL

DISSERTATION, &c.

IN this age of curiosity, when whatever seems to throw light upon the history, literature, or manners of our country in ancient times, is anxiously sought after, the publication of the following Poems, the works of James I. King of Scotland, one of the most illustrious persons of the beginning of the fifteenth century, may be no unacceptable present to the Public.

The poem of *Christ's Kirk of the Green* has been published before this time, commonly as the production of King James V. though falsely, and without foundation, as I shall endeavour to prove.

The other poem, called *the King's Quair*, was never before publiſhed. Of the illuſtrious author, it may be agreeable to the reader to give a ſketch of the life and character, ſo far as to be explanatory of the two following poems.

Men of active and ſuperior parts have often ſoared to thrones; but how few of the ſceptered rank have diſtinguiſhed themſelves as men of genius! and rarer ſtill, how few to rank and genius have joined the qualities of the heart, virtue and public ſpirit! So rare a phaenomenon, however, was James I. King of Scotland.

This Prince was the fourth in deſcent, from the great *Robert Bruce*, the reſtorer of the Scottiſh monarchy.

His father, Robert III. of a mild diſpoſition, affected eaſe and retirement. Near the cloſe of his reign, on the death of his beloved Queen Anabella, broken with age and infirmities, he devolved the cares of government upon his brother the Duke of Albany, a man of ability and parts, and of great ambition. James was the younger of King Robert's two ſons. The elder, David Duke of Rothſay, a high ſpirited Prince, at an

age

age riſing to manhood, ungovernable often in his paſſions and pleaſures, had given occaſion for many complaints againſt him, which being no way palliated by his ambitious uncle, procured an order from the weak King for confining the young Prince to the caſtle of Falkland. There, under the cuſtody of Albany, to whom that caſtle then belonged, he died within a few months, ſtarved to death, according to all the Scottiſh hiſtorians. The Duke of Albany, accuſed as the author of the Prince's death, ſtood a trial, and was acquitted. As he had then the power of adminiſtration in his hands, no other iſſue was to be expected. The old infirm King was ſenſible too late of the effects of his weakneſs; and, from the death of the Duke of Rothſay, dreading that of his only remaining ſon James, the ſole bar between his ambitious uncle Albany and the throne, to prevent the like fate, and confiding in the ancient alliance between the Scots and French, which had ſubſiſted from the time of Charlemagne, he determined to ſend the young Prince, then about twelve years of age, to his ally the King of France.

The King truſted to a treaty which was then in force between him and King Henry IV. of England. Without regard, however, to the law of nations,

nations, the ſhip on board of which was Prince James, with the Earl of Orkney and others, his attendants, was taken by an Engliſh veſſel upon that coaſt, and carried to London. Conſidering the ſuſpicious conduct of the Duke of Albany in the impriſonment and death of the Duke of Rothſay, it is no improbable conjecture that the capture of the Prince of Scotland, the only perſon between Albany and the throne, after the King, might have been owing to intelligence given by Albany to the Engliſh Monarch, of the Prince's voyage. In the time of peace between the two nations, it is ſcarcely to be preſumed, that, without poſitive orders, ſuch a breach of treaty would have been attempted by any private perſon. Be that, however, as it may, the ſhock of this new diſaſter, ſuddenly brought to his father's ears, ſo affected him, that he died in a few days (of pure grief) at his caſtle of Rothſay, in the iſle of Bute *.

The young Prince was carried to the Tower of London, where, after two years confinement, he was ſent to the caſtle of Nottingham, and after that to Windſor caſtle †, which ſeems, from that

* 1404.

† Windſor caſtle was built by Edward III. and the place where he and his ſucceſſors generally kept their court.

that time, to have been the chief place of his reſidence while he was captive in England. There, under the care of Sir John Pelham, appointed his governour, an accompliſhed gentleman of worth and literature, to compenſate, in ſome degree, the confinement of his perſon, his mind was enriched with a moſt liberal and princely education. James was naturally endowed with great parts, and, under able maſters, attained, as is ſaid by the writers of that age, to a great degree of perfection in almoſt every branch of the learning of thoſe times, and in every accompliſhment of a gentleman. In all athletic exerciſes, particularly in the uſe of the ſword and ſpear, he was eminently expert *. To his knowledge of the Greek and Roman languages, the laſt of which he wrote with eaſe, he joined the philoſophy of that age †, poetry, and muſic. In the ſcientific, as well as in the practical parts of muſic, he greatly excelled.

* Enſe cum altero dimicare, et haſta ad unguem certare ſic callebat, ut ſi luctantem vidiſſes, athletam dixiſſes ; *Boetius, hiſt. lib.* 13.

† Jam vero humaniores artes, grammaticam, oratoriam, poeticamque ut tum temporis eximie noverat.—In lingua vernacula, ornata faciebat carmina. Theologiam, et jus, ſic habebat, ut nulli cederet ; *Boet.*

led *. He is juſtly reckoned the firſt reformer, if not the inventor of the *Scottiſh ſongs*, or vocal muſic †. There was nothing, ſays Hauthornden, within the circle of the liberal arts, that he had not applied his mind unto, ſeeming rather born to letters than inſtructed.

The remark of Buchanan, upon King James's excellency in muſic, is unbecoming a ſon of Apollo, himſelf one of the train of the muſes! '*In mu-ſicis curioſius, quam regem, vel deccat, vel expe-diat,*' is the illiberal cenſure of the four reformer, the declaimer againſt monarchy! The obſervation of Salluſt, from whom the phraſe is copied, when applied to the vicious Sempronia, '*Pſallere et cantare, elegantius quam neceſſe eſt probae,*' is juſt and proper, but is here miſapplied by the Scottiſh hiſtorian.

In the age of James I. and long afterwards, muſic, not only in the practical, but in the theoretic parts, was eſteemed a very important branch of princely education. Henry VIII. was ſo much maſter

* Muſicam exacté tenebat, ac quicquid illi arti affinebatur peritiſſime; *Boet. ibid.*

† See diſſertation on Scottiſh muſic.

maſter of the ſcience of muſic, as to have compoſed ſeveral pieces of church-muſic, ſome of which are ſtill remaining *. In King James, his ſkill in muſic was no abuſe of time. A genius as he was, taught, or rather inſpired, by Nature, arrives at perfection without labour. Beſides, James had improved his mind with every branch of the learning of the age; and, whoever conſiders his long captivity of eighteen years, during many of which he was under ſtrict confinement, will not blame him for relaxing from the ſeverer ſtudies of literature and philoſophy, and ſweetening his hours of ſolitude and confinement by ſuch refined and rational amuſement †.

James

* Eraſmus, his contemporary, vouches this fact.—In a late collection of anthems, publiſhed by Dr. Boyce from the books of the Royal Chapel, there is an anthem for four voices, compoſed by King Henry, '*O Lord, the maker of all things*,' which is allowed to be good; and Sir John Hawkins, in his hiſtory of muſic, vol. 2d, has publiſhed another anthem of King Henry's, for three voices, ſuperſcribed thus, '*Henricus Octavus*;' and at the end of the cantus, or upper part, are theſe words, '*Quod Henricus Octavus*.'

† The King, in the following plaintive verſes, tells us how he paſſed part of his ſolitary hours in priſon.

Whereas

James did not remain a recluſe during all the time of his captivity; that martial Prince Henry V. having revived the claim of Edward III. to the crown of France, invaded that kingdom in Auguſt 1405, and gained the famous victory over the French at Azincourt. From the beginning of this war, King Henry ſaw the importance of having the

Quhare as in ward, full oft I wold bewaille
My deadly lyfe, full of peyne and penance;
Saing oft thus, quhat have I gilt to faille
My fredome in this warld, and my pleſance?

The long dayis and the nightis eke
I wold bewaille my fortune in this wiſe,
For quhich agains diſtreſſe, comfort to ſeik
My cuſtum was, on mornis for to ryſe,
Airly as day, O happy exerciſe!

It fell me to mynd, of many diverſe thing
Of this and that, can I not ſay quharefore
Bot ſlepe, for craft, in erth might I no more
For quhich as tho' coude I no better wyle,
Bot toke a boke, to rede upon a while,

Of quhich the name is clepit properly
Boece——

Happy Prince, who could diſpel the gloom of a priſon by the manly and elegant exerciſes of philoſophy, poetry, and muſic!

the Scottiſh Prince in his hands, as a pledge, for preventing his countrymen either from making incurſions on the border, while he was in France, or ſending troops to the aſſiſtance of their French allies.

As Henry, ſoon after the battle of Azincourt, was obliged to return to England, the Scots remained quiet. Henry having recruited his forces, landed his army a ſecond time in Normandy *, and being joined by the forces of the weak King Charles VI. and the Duke of Burgundy, carried all before him. The valorous actions of that heroic Prince are well known. The unfortunate Dauphin Charles, by the inſanity of his father, the reſentment of his vitious mother, and the valour of the Engliſh Monarch, muſt have been driven from the throne of his anceſtors, but for the aſſiſtance he got at that critical time from his ancient allies the Scots, under the banners of their brave leaders the Scottiſh nobility. The political ſyſtem of the Scots in thoſe days was extremely ſimple. Their firſt principle was independence; in maintaining of which they ever were laviſh of their blood. Jealous of their powerful ſouthern neighbours, who frequently had attempted their conqueſt, the Scots

* 1418.

naturally turned their eyes to France, the rival of England, who, at all times, was ready to aſſiſt them, and to cultivate the ancient alliance which had ſubſiſted between the two kingdoms from the time of Charlemagne. During King Henry's firſt expedition to France, the Scots had remained quiet, and given little or no aid to their allies. The rapid ſucceſs, however, of the Engliſh Monarch in his ſecond expedition, (which at length, by the famous treaty of Troye, ſettled the crown of France upon King Henry and his iſſue with Catherine of France), awakened at once the Scots to the impending ruin which threatened the independence of their country, by the weight of ſuch an acceſſion to the King of England. A choice body of 7000 Scots, commanded by John Stuart, Earl of Buchan, ſon to the Regent of Scotland, landed at Rochelle, to the aſſiſtance of the Dauphin, accompanied by many of the Scottiſh nobility. The French war was now the path to glory and greatneſs. Never did the Scots make a more conſpicuous figure than at that period, nor any ſet of warriors ever acquire more diſtinguiſhed honours and fame. The Earl of Buchan, the leader of the Scots, aroſe, by his valour, to the dignity of *Conſtable of France*, and led the van of the French army; Douglas, Earl of Wigton, was created Mariſchal of France;

France; the Earl of Douglas was created Duke, and inveſted in the Dukedom of Touraine; and Stuart, ſon to the Earl of Lennox, was created Viſcount d'Aubigné.

The firſt check given to King Henry's career, was the ſignal victory obtained by the Scots at Baugé *, under the Earl of Buchan, in which the Duke of Clarence, King Henry's brother, was killed, and his kinſmen, the Earls of Somerſet † and Dorſet, were taken priſoners.

This event made King Henry ſenſible, that his detaining the young King of Scots a priſoner, prevented not his ſubjects from fighting for their allies. He changed his plan; James was carried to France, in order to detach the Scots from the Dauphin's army. An offer is ſaid, by the Scottiſh hiſtorians, to have been made by King Henry to his priſoner, of reſtoring him to his liberty, on condition of drawing off his ſubjects, by ſummoning them, upon their allegiance, to attend his ſtandard. In James's ſituation, the offer was trying and alluring. The young King's anſwer was remarkable: 'As a priſoner,' replied he, 'and 'in

* 1420.

† Grandſon to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaſter, and brother to the Lady Jane, afterwards James's Queen.

'in your hands, I have no power over my ſub-
'jects; nor are they under any allegiance to obey
'my command *.'

King Henry, though nowiſe pleaſed with the anſwer, is ſaid, upon the King of Scots retiring, to have exclaimed, 'Happy ſhall be the ſubjects of 'a King, who, in ſuch tender years, ſhews himſelf 'to be endowed with ſo much wiſdom!'

This prevented not James from giving his perſonal aſſiſtance, and ſignalizing himſelf under the banner of that heroic and martial Prince, particularly at the ſiege of Dreux, where the King of Scots commanded, and whoſe ſurrender was chiefly owing to his valour and conduct †. James being of a firm and vigorous conſtitution, expert in athletic and warlike exerciſes, diſtinguiſhed himſelf in ſeveral military exploits under that vigorous Prince, fighting at the head of a faithful and noble band of his countrymen, who voluntarily attended their ſovereign, as a guard to his perſon ‡.

During

* Boet. lib. 16. Hauthornden, &c.

† Hauthornden.

‡ The moſt eminent of this loyal band of knights, were Seton Lord Gordon, with 40 launces and 100 horſemen; the

During the regency of Robert Duke of Albany, the King's uncle, that artful Prince's plan of keeping hold of the government of Scotland coinciding with King Henry's meaſure for detaining the King of Scots in his hands, every treaty ſet on foot for his liberty, and his return to his own kingdom, was evaded and diſappointed while Robert lived.

Upon his death, his ſon Murdoch ſucceeded him in the regency *. Although the plan of the new regent was the ſame with that of his predeceſſor, yet his ability, mean in compariſon of his father's, and other circumſtances concurring, made him, in a few years, ſenſible of his being unequal to hold the reins of government of a bold and martial people. His weakneſs and bad adminiſtration had introduced univerſal licentiouſneſs and diſorder; anarchy prevailed over the whole kingdom. Above all, the vices and intolerable inſolence of the regent's own ſons, which he found himſelf unable to curb, drove him at length ſeriouſly to concur with the ſtates of the kingdom to ſet on foot a treaty for the

the Lord Forbes, with the ſame number; John and Fergus Kennedies, anceſtors of the Earls of Caſſillis, and John Sinclair, each of theſe with 30 launces, and 6 horſemen; *Rymer's ſoedera, tom.* 10. *p.* 127.

* 1420.

the King's liberty. To this the Engliſh regency, Henry V. being now dead, and his ſon an infant, was not averſe. At laſt the treaty for King James's liberty was finally ſettled; and, as a bond of union between the kingdoms, James eſpouſed a Princeſs of the blood-royal of England, Jane, daughter to the Earl of Somerſet, grandſon to John of Gaunt, and granduncle to King Henry. Thus, after 18 years captivity *, King James ſet out with his young Queen for his own kingdom, and, to the univerſal joy of his ſubjects, they were crowned at Scone.

This Princeſs, who is the ſubject of one of the following poems, is celebrated by all the Scottiſh writers, not only as eminent for her beauty, but as a pattern of virtue and of conjugal affection.

James had an arduous taſk to perform upon his entry to government. The feudal ſyſtem, early introduced into Scotland, made it no eaſy matter for the King to contend with a ſet of powerful nobles, poſſeſſed of great eſtates, extenſive vaſſallages, and hereditary juriſdictions annexed to them. Theſe vaſſals, ready to run to the ſtandard of their chief in time of war, obeyed alſo his call in time of peace;

* 1424.

peace; and, as his whole revenue was ſpent among them, according to the ancient hoſpitality of the times, his caſtle was always open to numbers of theſe retainers. They looked upon the chief as protector of the clan, and the vindicator of their feuds and quarrels; and, as the principles of right and wrong were not always the directors of their actions, their quarrels often produced the moſt open violation of juſtice, equity, and law, in the attacks which they frequently made upon the perſons and property of whoever they conceived had injured them. The chief, upon his part, particularly under the late weak government, as often interpoſed his power in protecting his guilty vaſſal from the puniſhment he had incurred. Thus, without having recourſe to law and juſtice, the ſword was the ſole judge and decider of right and wrong.

A practice likewiſe, very expreſſive of the weakneſs of the regent's government, was then frequent among the great barons in Scotland; this was, the forming of leagues * and bonds of aſſociation with each other, in defiance of government, to defend themſelves from being brought to juſtice. Such was the ſtate of his kingdom, at James's taking

* Act 30. parl. 1.

taking the reins of government into his hands; and, to add to the difficulties he had to encounter, he found the property of the crown almoſt wholly alienated and given away by the late regents.

The conduct of James, in this ſituation, ſhowed great reſolution, as well as eminent political abilities. He convened the ſtates of his kingdom in parliament, and, with their concurrence, he reſumed the patrimony of the crown *. He pledged himſelf to maintain their juſt rights, and to have juſtice enforced, and a ſtrict obedience to the laws of his kingdom preſerved; and he obliged them to renounce and abjure all unlawful leagues and aſſociations †.

James has been cenſured for his ſeverity, in bringing to trial his uncle, Murdoch Duke of Albany, and his two ſons. It is certain, that, on the King's return to Scotland, his government had been frequently diſturbed by inſurrections, headed by the regent's ſons, and their partizans, who had been pardoned, in hopes to bring them to their duty. Upon what ſpecies of treaſon Duke Murdoch and his ſons were tried and condemned, is

* Act. 9. of parl. 1.

† Act 30. parl. 2.

is not known; there is no record of their trial *. Their death, however, ſeems to have been grateful to the nation: They muſt have been extremely unpopular, when the people appeared to be pleaſed with their fate. Poſſibly the remembrance of the death of Prince David, and of James's long captivity, brought about by the ſame means, might have operated in their downfal.

It is not my deſign to enter into a detail or hiſtory of King James's reign; for this I muſt refer my reader to the hiſtorians and writers of his life. It is ſufficient here to ſay, that, in his ſhort reign of thirteen years, he reformed the diſorders which the late regent's bad government had produced; and, by his wiſe laws, and ſteady reſolution and authority in putting them in execution, he reſtored peace, order, and ſecurity over the whole of his kingdom.

By promoting literature, he, by his own example, civilized his people; and in that rude age gave a new turn to the genius of Scotland.

He rebuilt and reſtored the cathedral church, and liberally endowed the Univerſity of St Andrews,

* Hauthornden.

drews, and eſtabliſhed ſchools in different parts of the kingdom. According to his elegant biographer *, by his invitation, many learned men, from the moſt illuſtrious univerſities in Europe, came to Scotland, as to the *Sanctuary of the Muſes*, where the King often graced in perſon their leſſons, and was umpire in their learned diſputes.

Senſible that religion is the ſureſt foundation of good government, and the great curb to the paſſions and diſorders of men, he bent his care to promote piety and learning in the church, by advancing men of that character only, to the dignified eccleſiaſtical offices. He eſtabliſhed a fixed rule, that none ſhould hold the office of a canon in the church, but regular bachelors of divinity.

Senſible, likewiſe, that the externals of religion, in the order, decency, and ſolemnity of its rites, have their effect upon the mind, he, from his ſkill in poetry and muſic, eſtabliſhed regular choirs in the churches. He was the firſt who introduced organs into the cathedrals and abbeys in Scotland. He was no leſs ſtudious to poliſh the rough manners of his people, by alluring his nobles to frequent his court, where polite entertainments, feaſts, maſks,

* Hauthornden.

maſks, and, of courſe, ſplendid apparel came to be introduced, and a degree of refinement promoted, to which the Scots, in the preceding ages, had been entirely ſtrangers.

The moſt important æras in the hiſtory of any nation, are thoſe which mark the introduction of learning and the polite arts, and the conſequent civilization of manners amongſt a rude people.

The moſt diſtinguiſhed of ſuch epochs in the hiſtory of Scotland, are thoſe of the reigns of *Malcolm* III. commonly called *Caenmore*, and of *King James* I. *.

In the age of Malcolm III. the Scots were, no doubt, a rude people. They had little intercourſe with the nations on the Continent, not even with their neighbours of England, unleſs in their frequent hoſtilities with each other.

On the murder of King Duncan by Macbeth †, his eldeſt ſon Malcolm took refuge in England, in the

* King Malcolm III. began his reign Anno 1057. King James returned from England Anno 1424.

† 1040.

the court of King Edward the Confeſſor, by whoſe aſſiſtance, under Siward Earl of Northumberland, the grandfather of Malcolm, by his mother, the daughter of Earl Siward, he defeated the uſurper, and eſtabliſhed himſelf upon the throne of his anceſtors *. It is remarkable, that Scotland hath owed its civilization to two of its greateſt and moſt patriotic Princes, who both of them received their education at the Engliſh court.

Before the time of King Malcolm Caenmore, the univerſal language over Scotland, to the north of the river Forth, was *the Gælic*. Malcolm, while he reſided at the court of King Edward, had made himſelf maſter of the Saxon, or Engliſh language. On his return to Scotland, he introduced that language into his kingdom. He was the firſt of the Scottiſh Princes who fixed his reſidence in the low country of Scotland. The more ancient Scottiſh Kings uſually held their reſidences at their caſtles, in the northern and weſtern parts of Scotland; at *Kildrimmie in Marr*; the *caſtle of Inverneſs*, in that county; *Dunſtaffnage*, on the weſtern coaſt of Argyleſhire; the *caſtle of Glammis*, in Angus; and at *Stirling* and *St Johnſton*, now *Perth*, the two laſt ſituated in the *entries* of the *Grampian Mountains*.

That

* 1057.

That noble edifice, the *Abbey* and *royal palace* of *Dunfermline*, on the north of the river Forth, built by King Malcolm, was his chief reſidence *.

A remarkable occurrence, ſoon after his reſtoration, greatly contributed to the cultivation of the Engliſh language in Scotland.

Edgar Atheling, the heir of the Saxon line to the Engliſh crown, together with his mother and ſiſter, and many illuſtrious perſons, the followers of their fortunes, having, upon the conqueſt of England by William the Norman, left that kingdom, were driven by a ſtorm into the mouth of the river Forth. There they found an hoſpitable reception from the Scottiſh Prince. Malcolm eſpouſed the Princeſs Margaret, and endowed with honours and lands their illuſtrious friends. From theſe laſt, are derived many of the preſent noble families in Scotland. By this intercourſe, the Saxon, or Engliſh language, was eſtabliſhed, and, in time, became the general language over the low country

* The cathedral church of St Cuthberts at Durham was alſo built by King Malcolm. The counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Weſtmoreland, then belonged to the crown of Scotland, as feus holden of the Kings of England.

country of Scotland. With the language, it is not to be doubted that the more advanced and civilized manners, together with the arts and ſciences then in England and on the Continent, came into Scotland, and were cheriſhed and cultivated under the patronage and protection of King Malcolm, and his Queen Margaret, who, according to the Scottiſh hiſtorians, were two of the moſt illuſtrious characters that flouriſhed in that age. To return to King James.

The luxury ſaid to have been introduced into Scotland in his reign, was the natural attendant on the civilization of manners then eſtabliſhed by him. A change in the mode of living among a rude people, from ſome degree of barbarity to ſimple convenience, will be dignified with the appellation of Luxury. *Boetius*, and other hiſtorians of theſe times, expatiate upon the luxury which was then introduced into Scotland, and, according to them, occaſioned the enacting of ſumptuary laws, particularly reſtraining the expence of the table, prohibiting baked meat, and ſuch like dainties, to be uſed, except at the tables of the nobles, and there only upon holidays. Some modern critics treat this with great *ridicule*, and are very ſevere upon Boece, Hauthornden, &c. for pretending

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ing abſurdly and *falſely*, as they alledge, to repreſent the Scots, at that early period, as opulent, and addicted to luxurious entertainments. True it is, indeed, that, amongſt the printed acts of parliament of that reign, the ſumptuary act alluded to by Boece is not to be found. The fact may, nevertheleſs, be true. To confute our old hiſtorians, the following record from Rymer's foedera * is quoted with great triumph. In it we find a licenſe granted by King Henry VI. for tranſporting by ſea to Scotland the following articles, for the uſe of King James I. viz. '*Uno cloath ſack; duodecim 'ulnis de ſcarlatto; viginti ulnis de worſted, rubri 'coloris; octo duodenis vaſorum de peuter; mille et 'ducentis ciphis ligneis; tribus duodenis de Coverliis,*' &c.

With ſubmiſſion to our modern critics, I cannot think even this commiſſion, plain and homely as it may ſeem at this day, ſufficient to diſcredit the authority of Boetius, as to the introduction of what might be reckoned, at that time, luxury of the table and dreſs, into Scotland. A ſack or bale of Engliſh broad cloth, 12 ells of ſcarlet, for the King's own uſe, and 20 butts of wine, which is alſo in the grant, was no ſuch contemptible

* Tom. 10. p. 470.

tible commiſſion; nor was even eight dozen of pewter veſſels, for the uſe of his table. Pewter was then a novelty even in England, and uſed in the houſes of the great only, where plate likewiſe was uſed. By the houſehold-book of the Duke of Northumberland, it appears, that, in King Henry VII.'s time, more than 100 years after the above aera, pewter was uſed in that family, then the moſt opulent in England; but, what is remarkable, it alſo appears that it was lent out to them for hire *.

It may ſeem ridiculous, that, in that rude age, when the arts of induſtry were very little underſtood or practiſed, when not only moſt of the articles of dreſs, but of houſehold-furniture, uſed by the great, muſt have been imported from foreign parts, a more pernicious ſpecies of luxury than that of the table ſhould then have been introduced into Scotland. How abſurd, (may a modern ſay), to imagine, that our rude anceſtors, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, not only *ate baked meat at Chriſtmas*, and other holidays, but to go a ſtrain higher, *wore ſilk clothes*, *pearls*, and *embroidery!* The fact, however, is certainly ſo. The 118th act of James I. enacts, 'That na man ſall

'*wear*

* Hume's hiſt. vol. 3. note at the end, 8vo edit.

'*wear claiths of ſilk, nor furrings*, bot only knights 'and lords of L. 200, at the leaſt, of yearly rent, 'and their eldeſt ſons, and their heirs, but ſpecial 'leave of the King aſkit and obteinit; and na 'uther *wear broderie, pearle, or bulzion;* bot ar- 'ray them at their awin liſt, in all uther honeſt 'arraiements, as ſerpes, belts, broches, and chein- 'zies.'——After all, it is obvious, from the circumſtances and hiſtory of the times, which later writers ſeem not to have attended to, that civilization of manners, a remarkable change in the mode of living, and a degree of luxury and of expence, both in the oeconomy of the table and in dreſs, amongſt the nobility and gentry of Scotland, beyond what was ever known before, muſt neceſſarily have taken place in the reign of James I. It is ſaid above, that, at this aera, France was the theatre of glory, on which the Scots had eminently figured, where, for their gallant behaviour, they had been rewarded with diſtinguiſhed honours and eſtates. Upon their return to Scotland, muſt not, of courſe, part of the French manners, the refinements of living, and expence of dreſs, have come in their train? Scotland, at that aera, we may readily allow, was far behind her neighbours of England and France in theſe reſpects; but can it be doubted that King James, educated, and reſi-

ding ſo many years in the two moſt poliſhed courts in Europe; that the *Earl of Buchan*, *conſtable of France*; the *Earl of Douglas*, *Duke of Touraine*, and *his ſon Lord Wigton*, *both mariſchals of France*, and numbers of the Scottiſh nobility and gentry, endowed with ample revenues in France, and poſſeſſed of extended territorial eſtates at home, on returning to their own country, would import part of the French luxury, both in dreſs, and in the entertainment of the table? The ſtately remains of the *old caſtles* and *venerable abbeys*, thoſe auguſt monuments of ancient grandeur, ſtill extant; *Borthwick Caſtle*, *Craigmiller*, *Roſlin*, the *abbeys of Holyrood*, *Aberbrothock*, *Dunfermline*, &c. impreſs the mind, at this day, with a juſt idea of the ſplendour and hoſpitality of the nobles and dignified churchmen in ancient times, who held their reſidence in thoſe ſtately edifices.

Honeſt Hector Boece, indeed, ſeldom fails to dreſs his countrymen in their holiday clothes: Our modern critics, on the other extreme, in their overſtrained zeal for truth, ſeem, with reluctance, to yield to their anceſtors thoſe bleſſings which benignant Nature had beſtowed upon them. To ſpeak of Scotland as wealthy and opulent, according to the common phraſe, would be abſurd. The wealth

of

of Scotland conſiſted in her *population*, the certain *criterion* of *plenty*. She has been productive, at all times, of a hardy, vigorous, and brave race of men*, ſupplied at home with every neceſſary article of life, ſtrenuous aſſertors of their liberty and independence againſt every foreign invader: Their mountains covered with ſheep and beeves, their vallies fertile in grain, and their ſeas and rivers teeming with fiſh. Such was the opulence of Scotland, in ages of the earlieſt antiquity. At the above remarkable aera, the age of James I. from the virtue, ſpirit, and genius of that Prince, with the concurring circumſtances of the time, it is beyond a doubt, that a remarkable change and reformation, in the manners, and mode of living of the Scots, muſt, of courſe, have taken place. To return to our ſubject.

Thus, while this worthy and patriot King was, by every exertion, promoting the good and happineſs of his people, he was, on the 13th of February 1436--7, baſely murdered at the monaſtery of the Dominicans at Perth, by his deteſtable uncle the Earl of Athol; an event univerſally and deeply regreted; for James was beloved and honoured by

* Witneſs the numbers drawn from the mountains of Scotland, in the late and preſent war, to fight the battles of Britain!

by his people; and his memory is ſtill revered, as that of one of the beſt of Princes that ever reigned in Scotland.

To ſuch worthies as have been eminent for ſimilar virtues, the Mantuan poet, in thoſe noble ſtrains, has alotted the chief ſeats in Elyſium. As a *poet*, *patriot*, and *lawgiver*, and the *civilizer* of the manners of his people, no Prince in hiſtory deſerves more to be revered by his country than James I. King of Scotland.

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera paſſi
Quique pii vates, et Phoebo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.

It remains now to take notice of *the works of* King James I.

Joannes Major mentions ſome of his compoſitions, particularly a poem upon Jane, afterwards his Queen; and he gives the names of ſome of his muſical pieces or Scottiſh ſongs *(Cantilenae Scoticae)* compoſed by him, which Major ſays were much eſteemed in his time. *Dempſter* mentions ſome other pieces of James I. *Scripſit*, ſays this author, *Rythmos Latinos, et de muſica.*

Of

Of all his works, thoſe which now only remain, or at leaſt can with certainty be diſtinguiſhed as his, are the two following pieces, *Chriſt's Kirk of the Green*, and the poem on Queen Jane, called the *King's Quair*. Of his muſical compoſitions, I have treated by themſelves, in a diſſertation on the Ancient Scottiſh Songs.

Of Christ's Kirk of the Green.

THIS ancient poem has, by men of taſte, always been eſteemed a valuable relique of the old Scottiſh poetry. For the poetical language of the time, the ludicrous deſcriptions, and the free vein of genuine wit and humour which runs through it, it is, even at this day, read with pleaſure. It muſt be valuable, were its only merit that of being deſcriptive of the humour and manners of the country 350 years ago.

I am aware, that the generality of late writers have attributed this poem to that gallant Prince *James V.* who was alſo a poet. I ſhall examine this point; and I hope I ſhall be able, notwithſtanding many great authorities to the contrary, to make

make it evident, that *James I.* was the author of *Chriſt's Kirk of the Green.*

I ſhall begin, by ſtating the authorities which give this poem to King James V.

The oldeſt of theſe, ſo far as I have been able to diſcover, is that of Biſhop *Edmund Gibſon*, who, Anno 1691, publiſhed an edition at Oxford of the poem of Chriſt's Kirk of the Green, with learned notes. The title which the Biſhop gives his book, is 'CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN, 'compoſed, as is ſuppoſed, by King JAMES V.'—And, in an elegant Latin preface to this poem, he thus writes, '*Gratulor tibi lector, et Muſis, regem in* 'Parnaſſo, non infeliciter ſomniantem; de Jacobi, ejus 'nominis apud Scotos Quinti, familia, eruditione, 'ſcientia militari, conſulendi ſunt hiſtoricorum annales; principem autem hunc poeſin deperiiſſe, nil mirum, commune id illi, cum auguſtiſſimis aliis viris, 'qui haud pauci carmen in deliciis habuere.'

The next authority is the editor of the laſt edition of Gavin Douglas's tranſlation of Virgil's Æneis, publiſhed at Edinburgh Anno 1710, who, in his preface, thus mentions this poem; 'with 'notes publiſhed at Oxford ſome years ago, by a 'celebrated

'celebrated writer on the famous poem of King 'James V. entitled, *Chriſt's Kirk on the Green.*'

On the ſame ſide is Tanner, Biſhop of St Aſaph, who, in his *Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica, ſub voce Jacobi Quinti, Regis Scotiae*, mentions the poem of Chriſt's Kirk of the Green as written by that Prince, and adds, '*Edidit, notiſque illuſtravit* 'cl. *Edmond Gibſon, Oxon.* 1691.' Tanner's Bibliotheca was publiſhed ſo late as the year 1748.

Theſe are the only ancient and poſitive authorities that I have ſeen, which attribute this poem to King James V. I ſhall ſum up the whole arguments on that ſide of the queſtion from an author of ſtill greater weight than any of the above, that is, the learned Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, whoſe opinion, although he candidly does not decide, is on the ſame ſide with the above authors *.

Lord Hailes argues thus,

Firſt, Major, in his life of King James I. mentions ſeveral pieces written by that Prince, but ſays nothing of Chriſt's Kirk of the Green.

Secondly,

* Notes on the ſtatutes of King James I. Act 12.

Secondly, The poem mentions '*Peebles at the* '*Play*,' which Lord Hailes is of opinion relates to a more modern aera than the age of King James I.; And,

Laſtly, Biſhop Gibſon and Biſhop Tanner, and the editor of Gavin Douglas's Virgil, all agree in attributing the poem of Chriſt's Kirk of the Green to King James V.

I ſhall attempt to anſwer theſe arguments in their order; and to the firſt,

That Major, who mentions two or three pieces, ſaid to be compoſed by King James I. does not mention the poem of Chriſt's Kirk, is an argument entirely negative, and can infer no direct concluſion that King James I. might not have been the author of that poem, as well as of ſeveral other pieces not mentioned by Major, of which, for certain, he was the author, viz. *Rythmi Latini, et de Muſica*, mentioned by Dempſter *, and ſome other poems mentioned by other authors †. Major does not pre-

tend

* *Dempſter Hiſt. Ecc. cap.* 713. See diſſertation on Scottiſh ſongs.

† Godly and ſpiritual ſongs, publiſhed by Andro Hart; ſome of which, though not diſtinguiſhed in the book, are mentioned as written by King James I.

tend to give a full enumeration of the works of James, but, after mentioning two or three of his pieces, adds, *Et plurimi codices, adhuc apud Scotos.*

To the *ſecond*, as to the aera of the *plays of Peebles:* The anniverſary games or plays at Peebles are of ſo high antiquity, that, at this day, it is only from tradition, joined to a few remains of antiquity, that we can form any conjecture reſpecting the age of their inſtitution, or even trace the veſtiges of what theſe games were. Any argument, therefore, deduced from the aera of the inſtitution of the plays at Peebles, inclines to the oppoſite ſide from Lord Hailes. That this town, ſituated on the banks of the *Tweed*, in a paſtoral country, abounding with game, was much reſorted to by our ancient Scottiſh Princes, is certain. King Alexander III. is ſaid to have had a hunting ſeat here; the place where it ſtood is ſtill pointed out. We are told by Boetius, that the monaſtery of *Croſs Church*, now in ruins, was built by that Prince *; and anciently our Princes occaſionally took up their reſidence in the religious houſes. Contiguous to it is a piece of ground, of old ſurrounded with walls, and ſtill called the *King's Orchard;* and on the oppoſite ſide of the river is the King's

* Anno 1257.

Green *. The plays were probably the golf, a game peculiar to the Scots, foot-ball, and ſhooting for prizes with bow and arrow. The ſhooting butts ſtill remain. Archery, within the memory of man, was kept up at Peebles; and an ancient ſilver prize arrow, with ſeveral old medallions appended to it, as I am informed, is ſtill preſerved in the town-houſe of Peebles.

And to the *laſt* argument, to wit, the authorities of Biſhops Gibſon and Tanner, and the editor of Gavin Douglas's Virgil, all of whom attribute the above poem to King James V. All theſe writers are ſo modern, and ſo remote from the age of James I. or even of James V. that they can prove nothing. The oldeſt of theſe writers, Biſhop Gibſon, did not publiſh his book till the year 1691, that is, 149 years after the death of King James V. and 250 years after the death of King James I. Beſides Gibſon, upon whoſe bare aſſertion the other two later writers profeſſedly rely, ſpeaks but dubiouſly; his words, as on the title page of the poem, are, 'Compoſed, *as it is ſuppoſed*, by King 'James V.'

Having thus ſhown the inſufficiency of the arguments and authorities which attribute this poem to

* Pratum regium.

to King James V. I now proceed to prove that it was undoubtedly the work of King James I.

The moſt ancient teſtimony for this opinion, is that of Mr *George Banantyne*, to whoſe taſte and induſtry we owe a MS. collection of many fine old Scottiſh poems prior to the year 1568, which is the date of his manuſcript.

In Banantyne's book, the firſt poem in point of antiquity, is *Chriſt's Kirk of the Green*, which at the end of it, as was the faſhion of the time, bears this ſignature, '*Quod King James* I.'

Banantyne's manuſcript was finiſhed in 1568, within 26 years of the death of James V. * Banantyne may then be reckoned to have been contemporary with that Prince. His teſtimony, therefore, not only proves negatively that King James V. was not the author, but likewiſe, that univerſal tradition and report, in this laſt Prince's time, attributed this poem to his royal anceſtor King James I.

Further, although it may not be eaſy to aſcertain the age of any writing from its language, yet I apprehend there ariſes ſtrong internal evidence from

* 1542.

ſrom the poem itſelf, that it belongs to an age more ancient than that of King James V.

King James I. was carried to England in the year 1404, and remained at the courts of King Henry IV. V. and VI. until the year 1423, when he returned to his own kingdom; ſome years after which, we may conjecture this poem to have been written. If it is compared with any of the poems of the age of King James V. that is, a century later, we ſhall find the language of the firſt much more antiquated and difficult to be underſtood than that of the latter. Let us make the compariſon.

In the miſcellany of ancient poems, called the *Ever Green*, collected chiefly from Banantyne's manuſcript, the firſt in the book is, *Chriſt's Kirk of the Green*, and next to it are two poems, the *Thiſtle and the Roſe*, and *Virtue* and *Vice*. The firſt made by Dunbar, upon the marriage of King James IV. and Margaret his Queen, on her coming to Scotland, and before James V. was born. The other poem is written by Bellenden, Dean of Murray, and addreſſed to King James V. then a youth. Let theſe two poems be compared with Chriſt's Kirk of the Green, and I apprehend that no perſon who is verſant in the Scottiſh language will

have

have any difficulty in pronouncing Chriſt's Kirk to be the moſt ancient of the three poems. To any Scotſman, who is tolerably acquainted with the orthography of the Scottiſh language about 200 years ago, there can be no difficulty in underſtanding every phraſe, nay almoſt every word uſed in the two poems of Dunbar and Bellenden, written in King James IV. and V.'s time, while in the more ancient poem of Chriſt's Kirk, he muſt, in almoſt every ſtanza, meet with ſome phraſe or word, the true meaning of which he muſt be at a loſs to explain.

I am willing, at the ſame time, to allow, that, in a ludicrous poem, deſcribing the humour of the country, ſeveral words uſed by the vulgar may affectedly have been introduced; yet, after all, this will not reconcile or make up for the apparent antiquity of phraſe, as well as of words, which runs through the whole of the poem of Chriſt's Kirk of the Green *.

I

* A late argument I have heard urged, that James I. from his long captivity in England, could not be ſo well acquainted either with the language or manners of his country, as deſcribed in this poem. In anſwer to this, it muſt be conſidered, that James was twelve years of age when he was carried to England; that, while there, during his captivity,

I ſhall conclude with another argument that ariſes from the poem itſelf, which, in my apprehenſion, is deciſive of the point in queſtion.

Whoever reads the poem of Chriſt's Kirk, ſimply as a piece of wit and humour, comes very far ſhort, I imagine, of the patriotic deſign and intention of its author. I ſhall endeavour to illuſtrate this.

In the time of James I. *archery*, as a military art, was practiſed over all Europe. The Engliſh archers were remarkably expert in the uſe of the bow and arrow: They were commonly ſtationed in the van of the army, and began the fight by a flight of arrows; and, when the enemy was thrown into diſorder, they ruſhed in upon them with their battle axes. The celebrated victory gained by King Henry V. at *Azincourt*, was decided by the Engliſh archers.

King James, on his return to his own kingdom,

tivity, he was conſtantly attended and ſurrounded with his countrymen, and, from the 1423, when he returned to Scotland, to the 1436, when he died, (13 years) in that, or half that ſpace, he had time to have been well acquainted with both the language and manners of his people.

dom *, among many other abuſes of the late weak government, under his uncles the Dukes of Albany, while he was a priſoner in England, found, that the practice of archery had been greatly neglected among his ſubjects. As this appeared to be an object of much importance to the ſtate, James, in his very firſt parliament †, paſſes an act, ordaining 'Every perſon after 12 years of age 'to *buſk* (*i. e.* equip) himſelf as *an archer*: That 'bow marks be maid near every paroch kirk, 'wharin, on holydays, men may cum and ſchutte 'at leaſt thrice about, and have uſage of archerie; 'and wha ſa uſes not the ſaid archerie, the laird 'of the land, or the ſherriff, ſall raiſe of him a 'wedder.' We find another ſtatute in the third parliament of the ſame Monarch, appointing *waipon-ſchawing* four times in the year, with bow and arrow.

James did not allow the matter to reſt here; he knew that *ridicule* often has a ſtronger effect in expoſing ignorance and correcting abuſes, than penalties enjoined by law ‡.

His

* 1423.

† Parl. 1. act 18.

‡ Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque ſecat res. Hor.

His poem of Chriſt's Kirk, is almoſt one continued *ironical ſatire* upon *the aukward management of the bow*, and the neglect into which *archery* had then fallen in Scotland. To make his ſubjects ſenſible of the diſgrace they incurred by their ſhameful ignorance of the uſe of their arms, and to reeſtabliſh the diſcipline of the bow amongſt them, was an object worthy the care of this wiſe and warlike Monarch. The continuator of Fordun's Scoti-Chronicon remarks, that, notwithſtanding his attention to this, that, after his death, archery declined: 'Poſt cujus mortem (Jacobi Primi) lugubrem, omnes quaſi indifferenter arcus et arcilia rejecerunt, et cum lanceis equitare ſe dederunt: Ita quod nunc in curia magnatis, ubi ſunt centum homines, et octoginta lanceas, et vix ſex reperies arcitenentes.'

A remarkable diſcovery, made a little before this time, haſtened the downfal of archery, I mean the invention of *gun-powder*, and the uſe of *artillery*.

The firſt ſiege of importance in which *cannon* ſeems to have been employed, was the famous ſiege of Orleans by the Engliſh, in which the Earl of Saliſbury, the Engliſh general, was killed by a cannon-

cannon-ball *. Artillery, in a few years after, was introduced into Scotland. Of this we have a melancholy proof in the death of King James II. and of the want of ſkill at that time in the management of artillery; that Prince being killed †, at the ſiege of Roxburgh-caſtle, by the burſting of an overloaded cannon.

The uſe of cannon preceded that of muſketry for many years, while archery in England, and on the Continent, ſtill continued to make a conſiderable figure in the military art. At length, the introduction of *hand fire-arms*, the *hagbutt*, *arquebuſs*, and *match-lock*, put an end to archery, and to the uſe of the bow in war, about the end of the 15th century.

The 94th act of King James V. mentions, that the *ſchott of guns*, *hagbutts*, and *other ſmall artaillarie*, were comounlie uſed in war in all countries. That ſtatute, therefore, enacts, That every landed man of L. 100 ſhall have a *hagbutt*, with *calmes* for *caſting bullets*, and with *powder* convenient for uſe.

* 1428.

† 1460.

From this it appears obvious, that the uſe of the bow in war was, in the reign of James V. quite laid aſide. The fine irony then, ſo proper for ridiculing the ſhameful want of ſkill in archery, which runs through the poem of Chriſt's Kirk, is loſt, if applied to any other aera than that of James I.; more particularly ſo, if applied to that of James V. when fire-arms were introduced and encouraged by the public laws of the kingdom. From the whole of this evidence, I think there can remain no difficulty in agreeing to the poſitive teſtimony of *Banantyne*, the contemporary of King James V. that his anceſtor King James I. was the author of *Chriſt's Kirk of the Green.*

In the ſubſequent edition of this poem, I have followed Banantyne's MS. Whether or no, when he made his manuſcript collection in 1568, there was any printed edition of this, or any of the other poems in his collection, I have not been able to learn.

In the following edition I have adhered ſcrupulouſly even to the orthography of Banantyne; and I have conſulted, as to the meaning of obſcure and obſolete words, of which many occur, ſeveral gloſſaries of the Scottiſh language, more particularly that

that prefixed to the laſt folio edition of Gavin Douglas's tranſlation of the Æneis of Virgil, which is ſaid to be the work of the late learned Mr *Thomas Ruddiman*, though his modeſty reſtrained him from putting his name to the moſt learned, copious, and beſt gloſſary of the Scottiſh language.

Biſhop Edmond Gibſon, as before obſerved, publiſhed, *anno* 1691, his edition of this poem, in the black or Saxon letter, printed at Oxford. Before this time, there were ſurely ſome Scottiſh editions of it printed. It appears, however, that the Biſhop has followed none of them, but has taken his edition from ſome very incorrect copy printed in England. as it is materially different from the Scottiſh, not only in the orthography, but in the phraſe and meaning of many paſſages, which it is obvious the editor has not underſtood.

We have already remarked, that the Engliſh and Scottiſh languages were derived from the ſame parent, the ancient Saxon. In the progreſs of time, however, frequent variations muſt of courſe have ariſen in the ſame language, as ſpoken in the two ſeparate kingdoms, ſo as to keep them diſtinct and ſeparate, though radically the ſame language. Obſolete words from the ancient language revived; new

new words ſtarted up; and different dialects prevailed in each kingdom. Biſhop Gibſon, by his Latin preface, appears to be an elegant writer in that language; and his learned notes on this poem ſhew that he was likewiſe ſkilled in the ancient Saxon and northern languages; yet he ſeems to have known little of the Scottiſh language, either in its phraſeology or dialect, at the above aera. From a want of knowledge of the manners of that country, he palpably gives a wrong ſenſe to many Scottiſh words. Many deviations from the original Scottiſh poem, as in Banantyne's MS. occur in his edition: Many words, even verſes, are altered; and one whole ſtanza, the 8th in the original, is altogether omitted. There are three additional ſtanzas in the Biſhop's edition which are not in Banantyne's MS. One of theſe, being the 12th of this edition, as it naturally connects with the preceding ſtanzas, I have taken into the text, as it ſeems to contain the ſame humour of the poem, although I heſitate to pronounce it genuine. The other two, following the 21ſt of the preſent, I take to be clearly ſpurious.

Of the POEM *made by King* JAMES I. *on* JANE, *afterwards his Queen, while he was a priſoner in England.*

THIS ancient poem, though mentioned by ſeveral writers of the life of James I. and well known in his time, yet has lain hid for theſe three centuries, and probably would have ſhared the ſame fate with moſt of his other compoſitions, now loſt, but for the preſervation of one ſingle manuſcript copy of it, which is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The title which this manuſcript bears is '*The* QUAIR, *maid be King* JAMES *of Scotland* '*the Firſt, callit* THE KING'*s* QUAIR. *Maid qn.* '*his Ma. was in England.*'

By what accident this poem came into the editor's hands, it may be proper to give ſome account. Although all the Scottiſh writers mention King James I. as the author of many poetical pieces, yet, as in the age of James, and for a century after, printing was not introduced into Britain, it is not to be wondered that moſt of his pieces ſhould now be loſt.

Joannes Major, in his Hiſtory of Scotland, mentions this poem of King James I. thus: '*Artificio-*

'*ſum*

'*ſum libellum de Regina dum captivus erat compoſuit,*
'*antequam eam in conjugem duxerat.*'

Dempſter alſo, in his Hiſtoria Eccleſiaſtica, mentions, amongſt the works of James, this poem, *Super Uxore futura.* A later writer, *Tanner* Biſhop of St Aſaph, in his Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica, mentions it ſtill more particularly, under the article *Jacobus Stuartus Primus Rex Scotiae*, thus: '*Lamentatio facta dum in Anglia fuit Rex.*" It appears that Biſhop Tanner had both ſeen and read this poem, as he recites the firſt line of it,

'*Heigh in the Hevynis figure circulare.*'

M. S. Bib. Bod. Selden. Archiv. B. 24. and '*In fine poematis* (ſays Tanner) *Gowerum et Chaucerum mirificé laudat*'—Rex.

The above authorities concurring in mentioning this poem, and the particular reference to its being amongſt the Seldenian manuſcripts in the Bodleian Library, excited the editor's curioſity to ſearch for it. After ſeveral fruitleſs attempts, on his applying to an ingeniòus young gentleman, a ſtudent of Oxford, he undertook the taſk, and found the MS. accordingly. From a very accurate copy made by him, the preſent publication is given.

From

From the title of the poem, it may be preſumed that, in the age in which it was compoſed, it was held in eſtimation by the public. The word *Quair*, in the old Engliſh language, ſignifies a book; hence, by way of eminence, this poem was diſtinguiſhed by the title of *the King's book;* and, in that age, it muſt have been conſidered as a great work.

As to its merit, the Public, after due conſideration of the age in which it was written, juſt beginning to emerge from that darkneſs that had long obſcured the weſtern hemiſphere, will judge. Thus far may, I think, be ſaid, that, for the invention and fancy, the genuine ſimplicity of ſentiment, and the deſcriptive poetry which runs through it, it is a remarkable work.

The deſign, or theme, is the Royal poet's love for his beautiful miſtreſs *Jane*, with whom he became enamoured while a priſoner at the caſtle of Windſor. The recollection of the misfortunes of his youth, his early and long captivity, the incident which gave riſe to his love, its purity, conſtancy, and happy iſſue, are all ſet forth by way of allegorical viſion, according to the reigning taſte of the age of King James I. as we find from the poems of *Chaucer*, *Gower*, and *Lydgate*, his contemporaries.

The

The taſte for poetical allegory and viſion was derived from the Provençal writers, which probably was introduced into England by Richard I. who ranks among the moſt eminent of the Troubadours. It was highly in faſhion in the age of Lydgate, Gower, and Chaucer, and continued to be ſo down to the age of *Spencer*, and the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Every ſtory had its moral, and was told in the way of allegory and viſion. The machinery of theſe poems were fiery dragons, giants, and fairies; the ſcenery enchanted foreſts, caſtles, and lakes. The virtues, vices, and paſſions were perſonified, and the mythology was a mixture of the Greek, Roman, Arabian, and Chriſtian. The advancement of learning has long baniſhed this falſe taſte; and it cannot be denied, that perhaps the meaneſt modern compoſition, even the flimſy flowers of a monthly miſcellany, will better ſtand the teſt of criticiſm; yet how fleetly do theſe ſhort-lived embryos vaniſh, never to appear again, at the approach of the great viſionary figures, called up by our old bards! How is the imagination carried away, in their lofty flights into the regions of fancy, adorned with the glow of genuine poetry!

In purſuing the ſeveral parts of the allegorical viſion in King James's poem, perhaps it may appear

pear prolix, a fault which attends almoſt every allegorical poem. It might be imputed to prejudice, were I to rank our Royal poet with Chaucer, his contemporary, whoſe genius, like the morning-ſtar, broke out after a long obſcure night!

Chaucer, the father of Engliſh poetry, as he may be ſtiled the firſt, ſo he is the beſt poet of his time. His univerſal genius has comprehended, in his Canterbury Tales, the various manners and humours of every rank of men in his age and country, from his accompliſhed knight, who had ſerved in the holy wars, down to the reeve, ploughman, and miller: And he has ſhewn the extent of his genius and learning, in almoſt every ſpecies of poetry, from his heroic poem of Palamon and Arcite to his ballads.—Having ſaid this in preference of Chaucer,

I may, however, be allowed to compare the epiſode of the *Court of Venus*, in the following poem of James, with the *Court of Love* of Chaucer; in which view, if I am able to judge, our poet will loſe nothing by the compariſon, particularly in the pourtraiture of the miſtreſs of each poet. The *Jane of King James* is painted with as much beauty, and

with more tender delicacy, than the buxom *Roſial of Chaucer*.

The *Seldenian manuſcript*, from which the preſent copy is taken, appears to be of an old date; in many places it was not eaſy to find out the proper ſenſe of the paſſage, and in many paſſages it was obviouſly erroneous. The writer of the old MS. ſeems to have been but little acquainted with claſſical learning; hence it appears, that he has often erroneouſly ſubſtituted one name in place of another, of which many groſs inſtances occur. Many other apparent inaccuracies run through it, which, however, ought not always to be placed to the account of the tranſcriber: The poet himſelf is anſwerable for many liberties which he takes in his poem, which the cuſtom of that age gave a ſanction to.

Great freedom is uſed in the orthography or ſpelling, which is often various in the ſame word. Not unfrequently words are omitted or underſtood, which the reader is left to ſupply, ſo as to make out the ſenſe of the paſſage.

To ſuch as are not verſant in the old poets, Chaucer, Gower, &c. the numbers of the verſes will

will often appear to be unequal, as the apoſtrophe's, ſigns of contraction, eliſions, and marks for the diviſion of the ſyllables for the ſake of the verſe, which were uſed by the old poets, are now loſt. For underſtanding of theſe, I cannot do better than recommend to the reader the excellent general rules prefixed to the learned gloſſary in Gavin Douglas's Virgil.

For the eaſe of the reader, I have divided the poem into canto's, according to the various epiſodes contained in it; and, throughout the whole, I have, by explanatory notes, endeavoured to render the ſenſe, frequently obſcure, as eaſy as was in my power. In many places I am afraid I have not been ſo ſucceſsful as I could have wiſhed.

It muſt be confeſſed, that many of the beauties of this ancient poem muſt eſcape us, from the mutability of the language in the ſpace of near 400 years; an imperfection attendant on every living language. What Waller ſays, in his elegant verſes on Chaucer, in the laſt century, may, with equal force, be applied to the poetical remains o King James I. of Scotland:

Poets, that laſting marble ſeek,
Muſt carve in *Latin*, or in *Greek*:
We write in ſand; our language grows;
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.
Chaucer his ſenſe can only boaſt,
The glory of his numbers loſt!
Years have defac'd his matchleſs ſtrain,
And yet he did not write in vain.

Upon the whole: If the preſent publication, which has been the amuſement of leiſure hours, and a relief from more ſerious occupations, ſhall entertain the few who have a reliſh or eſteem for the genuine poetical productions of their anceſtors, it will ſufficiently reward my pains, in the ſatisfaction I ſhall have of having reſcued from oblivion this genuine remain of the works of a genius, one of the beſt and wiſeſt of Kings! one of the moſt illuſtrious characters of his age!

THE

THE KING'S QUAIR.

MAID BE

KING JAMES OF SCOTLAND,

THE FIRST,

Qn. his Ma. was in England.

THE KING'S QUAIR.

CANTO I.

I.

HEIGH in the hevynis figure circulare
The rody ſterres twynkling as the fyre:
And in Aquary * *Citherea* the clere,
Rynſid hir treſſis like the goldin wyre,
That late tofore, in faire and freſche atyre,
Thro' *Capricorn* heved hir hornis bright,
North northward approchit the myd nyght.

II.

Quhen as I lay in bed allone waking,
New partit out of ſlepe a lyte tofore,

Fell

* *Citherea.*] This muſt be an error of the tranſcriber of the Seldenian MS. The Royal Poet muſt have wrote *Cinthia*, which agrees with the deſcriptive words in the 6th line, '*Heved hir hornis bright;*' but could not be applicable to Citherea, the planet *Venus* in that age. *Galileo*, about the year 1608, near 200 years after James I. was the firſt who, by the new invention of the teleſcope, a little before that time, diſcovered that the planet Venus had phaſes as the moon. The deſcription of the ſeaſon in this ſtanza is extremely poetical.

Fell me to mynd of many diverſe thing
Of this and that, can I not ſay quharefore,
Bot ſlepe for craft in erth myt I no more;
For quhich as tho' coude I no better wyle,
Bot toke a boke to rede upon a quhile:

III.

Off quhich the name is clepit properly
* *Boece*, efter him that was the compiloure,
Schewing

* *Boece.*] *Anicius Severinus Boethius*, a ſenator, and of conſular dignity, flouriſhed at Rome in the reign of *Theodoric* King of the Oſtrogoths, after *Auguſtulus*, the laſt of the Roman emperors, had reſigned the empire. He was accuſed and baniſhed to Ticinum, now Pavia, by Theodoric, for having deſigns of reſtoring the liberty of his country, and, three years after, was beheaded. His life and manners were thoſe of a philoſopher, through a long ſeries of misfortunes, which he bore with remarkable patience and fortitude. While he was in baniſhment, he wrote his book *De Conſolatione Philoſophiae.* His tomb is ſtill preſerved in the church of St Auguſtine at Pavia, on which is inſcribed the following epitaph:

Maeonia et Latia lingua clariſſimus, et qui
Conſul eram hic perii miſſus in exilium,
Et quod mors rapuit, Probitas me vexit ad auras,
Et nunc fama viget, maxima viget opus.

Boethius's

Schewing counſele of philoſophye,
Compilit by that nobil ſenatoure
Off Rome quhilome yt was the warldis floure,
And from eſtate by fortune a quhile
[a] Foringit was, to povert in exile.

IV.

And there to here this worthy lord and clerk,
His metir ſuete full of moralitee;
His flourit pen ſo fair he ſet a werk,
Diſcryving firſt of his proſperitee,
And out of that his infelicitee;

Boethius's book *de Conſolatione Philoſophiae*, has been eſteemed in every age. In the early dawn of literature in Britain, it was tranſlated into the Saxon language by *K. Alfred*, ſeveral centuries after that by *Chaucer*, and in the laſt century by *Lord Preſton*. The philoſophy is excellent, conveyed, in a pleaſant manner, as a viſion, and in the form of dialogue between the goddeſs of philoſophy, and the author, under baniſhment, and on the ſad reverſe of his fortune. Every dialogue is introduced by a ſhort *Lyric Ode*, which, for Latinity and elegance, correſponds more with the genius and taſte of the Auguſtan age, than with the barbarous times of Theodoric, and the beginning of the ſixth century.

a Foringit.] Eſtranged from honours and eſtate, and reduced to poverty.

And than how he in his [b] ȝoetly report,
In philoſophy [c] can him to confort.

V.

For quhich thot I in purpoſe at my boke,
To borowe a ſlepe at thilk time began,
Or ever I [d] ſtent my beſt was more to loke
Upon the writing of this nobil man,
That in himſelf the full recover [e] wan
Of his infortune, poverti, and diſtreſſe,
And in tham ſet his verray [f] ſeckerneſſe.

VI.

And ſo the vertew of his zouth before
Was in his age the ground of his delytis:
Fortune the bak him turnyt, and therefore
He makith joye and confort yt he quitis
Of theire unſekir warldis appetitis,

And

b ȝoetly report.] This is exactly copied from the MS. As Boethius introduces every chapter of his book with a lyric ode, our author means by the above, his poetical report, or theme. Such licenſes of making new words, for the ſake of the verſe, are not unfrequent with our poet, and others of that age.

c Can him to confort.] Was able to comfort himſelf.

d Stent.] Stopt or pauſed.

e Wan.] Won, gained.

f Seckerneſſe.] Security, firmneſs, certainty.

And so *g* aworth he takith his penance,
And of his vertew maid it suffisance.

VII.

With mony a nobil reson as him likit
Enditing in his fair latyne tong,
So full of fruyte, and *h* rethorikly pykit,
Quhich to declare my *i* scole is over zong;
Therefore I lat him pas, and in my tong
Procede I will agayn to my *k* sentence
Of my mater, and leve all incidence.

VIII.

The long nyt beholding, as I saide,
Myn eyne gan to smert for studying;
My boke I schet, and at my hede it laide,
And doun I lay, bot ony tarying,
This mater new in my mynd rolling,
This is to seyne how yt eche estate,
As Fortune lykith, thame will translate.

IX.

g Aworth.] Worthily.

h Rethorickly pykit.] Rethorically chosen.

i My scole.] My learning.

k Sentence.] I will proceed with my theme, or subject.

IX.

For ſothe it is, y^t, on her [l] tolter quhele,
Every wight [m] cleverith in his ſtage,
And failyng foting oft quhen hir [n] leſt rele
Sum up, ſum doun, is non eſtate nor age
Enſured more, the Prynce than the page,
So uncouthly hir [o] werdes ſhe divideth,
Namely in zouth, that ſeildum ought provideth.

X.

Among thir thoughtis rolling to and fro,
Fell me to mynd of my fortune and [p] ure,
In tender zouth how ſche was firſt my fo,
And eft my frende, and how I gat [q] recure

Of

l Tolter quhele.] Tottering wheel of Fortune.

m Clivereth.] Cliveth or clings to—or, perhaps, clambereth, or climbs.

n Leſt rele.] Leaſt motion.—Leſt ſignifies to will or incline, in old writings.—It may therefore read, When Fortune inclines to turn her wheel.

o Hir werdes.] Her gifts, deſtinies, or wierds.

p Ure.] Or *Ere*, trouble. Hence *urſeſom*, G. Doug. p. 450, l. 6. Hence alſo *Irie*, *Irkie*, *Ireſum*; from the Gaelic *Earadh*, fear.

q Recure.] Recourſe, relief.

Of my diſtreſſe, and all my *r* aventure
I gan ourhayle, yt langer ſlepe ne reſt
Ne myt I nat, ſa were my wittis *s* wreſt.

XI.

t For-wakit and *u* for-wallouit thus muſing,
x Wery for-lyin, I leſtnyt ſodaynlye,
And ſone I herd the bell to matins ryng,
And up I raſe na langer wald I lye;
Bot now *y* how trowe ze ſuich a fantaſye
Fell me to my mynd, yt ay me thot the bell
Said to me, *z* Tell on man, quhat the befell.

XII.

r Aventure.] All the incidents of my life I began to recollect.

s Wreſt.] Wreſted, or tortured.

t For-wakit.] Kept awake; or *wakeriſe*, according to the Scottiſh phraſe.

u For-wallouit.] Wearied; tired; in ill plight, G. D. p. 201. l. 5.

x Wery For-lyin.] Weary of lying in bed, G. D. p. 330. l. 5.

y How trowe ye.] How think ye?

z Tell on, man.] Proceed to rehearſe.

XII.

[a] Thot I tho' to myſelf, quhat may this be?
This is my awin ymaginacion,
This is no [b] lyf yt ſpekis unto me,
It is a bell or that impreſſion
Of my thot cauſith this illuſion,
That dooth me think ſo nycely in this wiſe.
And ſo befell as I ſchall zou [c] deviſe.

XIII.

Determyt furth therewt in myn entent,
[d] Sen I thus have ymagynit of this ſoun,
And in my tyme more ink and paper ſpent
[e] To lyte effect, I tuke concluſion
Sum new thing to write; I ſet me doun,
And furth wt all my pen in hand I tuke,
[f] And maid a + and thus begouth my buke.

XIV.

a Tho't I. Abbreviation for *Thought I.*

b It is no lyf.] It is no living perſon.—This figure is often uſed by our poet.

c Deviſe.] Adviſe, or explain.

d Sen.] Since.

e Lyte.] Little.—*I tuke concluſion,* I concluded; determined.

f And maid a +.] Made the ſign of the Holy Croſs.—

James

XIV.

Though zouth of nature indegeſt,
Unrypit fruyte wt windis variable,
Like to the bird yt fed is on the neſt,
And can not flee, of wit wayke and unſtable,
To fortune both and to infortune *g* hable,
h Wiſt thou thy payne to cum and thy travaille,
For ſorow and drede wele myt thou wepe and waile.

XV.

James was a religious prince, and, as was the cuſtom of the time, thought it becoming in him thus to call for the Divine aid, or a benediction upon his work.

g To infortune hable.] Liable to misfortune.

h Wiſt thou thy payne to cum.] Kneweſt thou thy pain to come—Well might'ſt thou weep and wail—Thus thy comfort ſtands in thy uncertainty or ignorance of the future. The reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee this principle illuſtrated in the richeſt glow of poetry.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page preſcribed, their preſent ſtate,
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know,
Or who would ſuffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day;
Had he thy reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand juſt raiſed to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs! to the future kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven.

Eſſay on Man.

XV.

Thus ſtant thy confort in [i] unſekerneſſe,
And wantis it, yt ſuld the reule and gye,
Ryt as the ſchip that failith [k] ſtereleſs,
Upon the rok moſt to harmes hye,
For lak of it yt ſuld bene her ſupplye;
So ſtandis thou here in this warldis rage,
And wantis yt ſuld gyde all thy viage.

XVI.

I mene this of myſelf, as in partye,
[l] Though nature gave me ſuffiſance in zouth,
The rypeneſs of reſon lak I
To governe with my will, ſo lyte I couth,
Quhen ſtereleſs to travaille I begouth,
Amang the wavis of this world to drive,
And how the caſe anon I will deſcrive.

XVII.

With doubtfull hert, amang the rokkis blake,
My feble bote full faſt to ſtere and rowe,
Helpleſs

[i] *Unſekerneſſe.*] Uncertainty.

[k] *That ſaileth ſtereleſs.*] Without a ſteerſman at the helm.

[l] Though nature gave me ſuffiſance, or ſufficient reaſon for my years, yet lack I the rypeneſs of reaſon or experience to govern my will.

Helpleſs alone the wynter nyᵗ I wake,
To wayte the wynd yᵗ furthward [m] ſuld me throwe.
O empti ſaile! quhare is the wynd ſuld blowe
Me to the port quhare gyneth all my [n] game?
[o] Help, Calyope, and wynd, in Marye name!

XVIII.

[p] The rokkis clepe I, the prolixitee
Of doubtfulneſſe yᵗ doith my wittis pall,
The lak of wynd is the difficultee,
In enditing of this lytill trety ſmall:
The bote I clepe, the mater hole of all,
My wit unto the ſaile yᵗ now I wynd,
[q] To ſeke conyng, tho I bot lytill fynd.

I XIX.

m Suld me throwe.] The favourable gale that ſhould attend me through my voyage. The poet here paints his ſituation, with great propriety, under the poetical alluſion of a ſkiff in the middle of the ocean.

n Where gyneth all my game.] May not the poet have written, *Where beginneth all my gain?* although this doth not quite agree with the metre, in which he generally is very exact.

o Help Caliope, and Marye.] This ſtrange mixture of heathen and Chriſtian mythology is very common with the ancient bards.

p The explication of the foregoing alluſion.

q To ſeke conyng.] Invention; wit.

XIX.

At my begyning firſt I clepe and call
  [r] To zou Clio and to zou Polyme,
With [s] Theſiphone goddis and ſiſtris all,
  In nowmer IX. as bokis ſpecifye,
In this proceſſe my wilſum wittis [t] gye,
  And with zour bry[t] lanternis wele convoye
  My pen to write my turment and my joye.

THE

[r] *Polyme.*] For Polymnia, the Muſe of Harmony.—Our poet, with the old bards, uſe great freedom with proper names, for the ſake of verſe.

[s] *Theſiphone.*] The tranſcriber has here made a very groſs blunder, in ſubſtituting Theſiphone, one of the Furies, in place of Terpſichore, one of the nine Muſes, which our poet expreſsly here invokes.

[t] *Gye.*] Guide.

THE

KING'S QUAIR.

CANTO II.

His intended Voyage to France.

I.

[t] IN vere yt full of vertu is and gude,
Quhen nature firſt begyneth hir [u] enpriſe,
That quhilum was be cruel froſt and flude,
And ſchouris ſcharp oppreſt in mony wiſe,
And [x] Synthius gyneth to aryſe
Heigh in the eſt, a morrowe ſoft and ſuete,
Upward his courſe to drive in Ariete.

II.

Paſſit bot myd-day foure greis evin
Of lenth and brede his angel wingis bryt,

He

[t] *In vere.*] In the ſpring.

[u] *Enpriſe.*] When nature begins to exert her powers.

[x] *And Synthius*, &c.] When the ſun enters into the ſign Aries, or the middle of March.—The deſcription of the ſeaſon, in theſe two ſtanzas, is very poetical.

He ſpred upon the ground doun fro the hevin,
That for gladneſſe and confort of the ſight,
And with the tiklyng of his hete and light,
The tender flouris opynit thame and ſprad,
And in thair nature thankit him for glad.

III.

y Not far paſſit the ſtate of innocence
Bot nere about the nowmer of zeiris thre,
Were it cauſit throu hevinly influence
Of Goddis will, or other caſualtee,
Can I not ſay, bot out of my contree,
By thair aviſe y^t^ had of me the cure
Be ſee to pas, tuke I my aventure.

IV.

y Paſſit the ſtate of innocence three years.] This is a vague manner of expreſſing his age. Bellenden, arch-dean of Murray, the tranſlator of Boethius, by deſire of King James V. ſays James I. was nine years old when he was taken priſoner in March 1404-5. This does not agree with our other hiſtorians, who ſay he was forty-four years old when he was killed Anno 1436. Suppoſing, by our Poet's own account, that he was three years paſt nine, or the age of innocence, he was at this time twelve years of age, which nearly agrees with the generality of the hiſtorians, none of whom, however, that I have ſeen, mention the year in which K. James was born.

IV.

[z] Purvait of all y[t] was us neceſſarye,
With wynd at will, up airely by the morowe,
Streight unto ſchip no longere wold we tarye,
The way we tuke the tyme I tald to forowe,
With mony fare wele, and [a] Sanct Johne to borowe
Of falowe and frende, and thus w[t] one aſſent,
We pullit up ſaile and furth our wayis went.

V.

Upon the wevis weltring to and fro,
So infortunate was we that [b] fremyt day,
That maugre plainly quethir we wold or no,
W[t] ſtrong hand by forſe ſchortly to ſay,
Of inymyis taken and led away,
We weren all, and bro[t] in thaire contrée,
[c] Fortune it ſchupe non othir wayis to be.

VI.

z Purvait.] Provided.

a Sanct John to borowe.] Saint John be your protector, or cautioner. *Borowe* ſignifies a pledge.—It appears to have been an ordinary benediction.

b Fremyt day.] Strange, adverſe day.

c Fortune it ſchupe.] Fortune ſhaped, or cut out.

VI.

[d] Quhare as in ſtrayte ward, and in ſtrong priſon,
So fere forth of my lyf the hevy lyne,
Wtout

[d] Our author here may be thought to uſe his poetical licenſe, in exaggerating the ſtrictneſs of his confinement during his captivity in England. The following *mandates* of Henry IV. and V. concerning *James's confinement*, ſufficiently vindicate the King of Scots' complaint on that head:

Hollingſhed ſays, that, on James's being captured on the coaſt of England, he and his attendants (the Earl of Orkney and others) were ſent priſoners to the Tower of London. After this we have the following orders, concerning his confinement, from *Rymer's Foedera:*

"*De filio Regis Scotiae cuſtodiendo.*

"Rex Conſtabulario Turris ſuae Londoniae. Salutem.

"Mandamus vobis quod *filium Regis* Scotiae, et *Griffinum ap Glendordy*, in Turri praedicta ſub coſtodia veſtra exiſtentes, dilecto et fideli noſtro, Ricardo Domino de Grey deliberetis, uſque *caſtrum Nottingamiae ducendos*, ibidem quouſque aliud pro ipſorum deliberatione duxerimus demandandum cuſtodiendos.

"Teſte Rege apud Weſtmonaſterium decimo die Junii 1407.

"Per ipſum Regem."

Rymer, tom. 8. *p.* 484.

On the acceſſion of K. Henry V. to the throne, we have the following order:

"Henricus,

" Henricus, Dei gratia, &c. Conſtabulario Turris ſuae Londoniae. Salutem.

" Mandamus vobis, quod *Jacobum Regem Scotiae*, Mordok Comitem de Fife, et Willielmum Douglas de Dalketh, et Willielmum Giffard Armigerum, ab eo qui ipſos vobis ex parte noſtra liberavit, recipiatis, et ipſos, *in Turri praedicta ſalvó et ſecuré*, quouſque aliud a nobis inde habueritis, in mandatis cuſtodiri faciatis.

" Teſte meipſo apud Weſtmonaſterium vig. 1mo die Martii Anno regni 1mo 1413-4."—*Rymer*, *tom.* 9. *p.* 2.

" Henricus Rex, cuſtodi Turris noſtrae Londoniae. Salutem.

" Mandamus vobis, quod *Regem Scotiae*, et Magiſtrum de Fitz de Scotia, in Turri praedicta, ſub cuſtodia veſtra, de mandato noſtro detentos, Conſtabulario caſtri noſtri de *Wyndeſore*, ibidem ſine dilatione, liberetis, in caſtro praedicto *ſalvó et ſecuré*, quouſque pro eorum deliberatione aliter duxerimus, ordinandum cuſtodiendos.

" Teſte Rege apud Weſtmonaſterium tertio die Auguſti 1414."—*Rymer*, *tom.* 9. *p.* 44.

King Henry, from his acceſſion to the throne, had meditated his invaſion of France, which he accordingly put in execution in Auguſt 1415, while King James was priſoner at Windſor. Henry ſaw the advantage of having James in his hands, as a pledge for preventing the Scottiſh Regent from making incurſions on the border while he was in France. In this view, the confinement of the Scottiſh Prince would no doubt be the cloſer, during Henry's abſence in his firſt expedition to France; and, probably, it was at this period, that, on viewing the beautiful Jane, in the garden under the caſtle

of

Wtout confort in ſorowe, abandoune
The [e] ſecund ſiſtere, lukit hath to tuyne,
Nere, by the ſpace of zeris twice nyne,
Till Jupiter his merci liſt advert,
And ſend confort in releſche of my ſmert.

VII.

Quhare as in ward full oft I wold bewaille
My dedely lyf, full of peyne and penance,
Saing ryt thus, [f] quhat have I gilt to faille,
My fredome in this warld and my pleſance?
Sen every wight has thereof ſuffiſance,
That I behold, and I a creature
Put from all this, hard is myn aventure?

VIII.

The bird, the beſte, the fiſch eke in the ſee,
They lyve in fredome everich in his kynd;
And

of Windſor, he firſt became enamoured with her. We may thus fix the aera of the commencement of this poem, which it is probable was written at different times, and often interrupted, as no doubt his amour and courtſhip was, by his being carried to France by King Henry, in his ſecond and third expeditions to that kingdom.

e The ſecund ſiſter.] *Lacheſis*, one of the Parcae or Deſtinies, whoſe office it was to twine the thread of human life.

f What have I gilt.] Been guilty of, to merit the forfeiture of my freedom in the moſt pleaſant time of my life.

And I a man, and lakith libertee
Quhat ſall I ſeyne, quhat reſon may I fynd,
That fortune ſuld do ſo? thus in my mynd,
g My folk I wold argewe, bot all for no^t^,
Was none that my^t^ y^t^ on my peynes rought.

IX.

Than wold I ſay, Giff God me had deviſit
To lyve my lyf in thraldom thus and pyne,
Quhat was the cauſe y^t^ he more me *b* compriſit,
Than othir folk to lyve in ſuch ruyne?
I ſuffere alone amang the *i* figuris nyne,
Ane wofull wrache y^t^ to no wight may ſpede,
And zit of every lyvis help has nede.

X.

The long dayes and the nyghtis eke,
I wold bewaille my fortune in this wiſe,
For quhich again diſtreſſe confort to ſeke,
My cuſtum was on mornis for to riſe
Airly as day, O happy exerciſe!

g My folk.] I would argue with my attendants, the Earl of Orkney and others of his train.

h Me compriſit.] That he ſentenced or adjudged me.

i Of all the nine numbers, mine is the moſt unlucky or wretched.

By the come I to joye out of turment,
Bot now to purpoſe of my firſt entent *k*.

XI.

Bewailling in my chamber thus allone,
Deſpeired of all joye and remedye,
For-tirit of my thot and wo-begone,
And to the wyndow gan I walk in hye,
To ſee the warld and folk yt went forbye,
As for the tyme though I of mirthis fude,
Myt have no more, to luke it did me gude.

XII.

Now was there maid faſt by the Touris wall
A gardyn faire, and in the corneris ſet,
Ane herbere grene, with wandis long and ſmall,
Railit about, and ſo wt treis ſet

Was

k A fine apoſtrophe in praiſe of early morning exerciſe!

l Herbere.] From *Herbarium*—a garden-plot ſet with plants and flowers—a grove with an arbour, railed with trellis-work, and cloſe ſet about with trees. We have here a ſketch of the mode or taſte in gardening in the remote age of Henry V. in England. The royal garden, under the caſtle walls of Windſor, was laid out in flower-plots and alleys, or walks with arbours of lattice or trellis-work at the ends or corners of the walks; the whole ſurrounded with hawthorn hedges interſperſed with juniper.

Was all the place, and hawthorn hegis knet,
That lyf was non walkyng there forbye,
That myt wtin ſcarce any wight aſpye.

XIII.

So thick the beuis and the leves grene
Beſchadit all the allyes yt there were,
And myddis every herbere myt be ſene
The ſcharp grene ſuete jenepere,
Growing ſo fair wt branchis here and there,
That, as it ſemyt to a lyf wtout,
The bewis ſpred the herbere all about.

XIV.

And on the ſmall grene twiſtis ſat
The lytil ſuete nyghtingale, and ſong
So loud and clere, the [m] ympnis conſecrat
Of luvis uſe, now ſoft now lowd among,
That all the gardynis and the wallis rong
Ryt of thaire ſong, [n] and on the copill next
Of thaire ſuete armony, and lo the text.

XV.

m Ympnis.] Hymns conſecrated to Love.—Ch. G. D.

n And on they copill next.] This ſeems to be obſcure.—May it not be, "Anon they copill or pair together, and join in "ſweet harmony, and lo the text or burden of their ſong?"

Cantus XV.

Worſchippe ze yt loveris bene this May,
For of zour bliſs the [o] kalendis are begonne,
And ſing wt us, away winter away,
Come ſomer come, the ſuete ſeſon and ſonne,
Awake, for ſchame! yt have [p] zour hevynis wonne,
And amouroufly lift up zour hedis all,
Thank lufe yt liſt zou to his merci call.

XVI.

Quhen thai this ſong had ſong a [q] littil thrawe,
Thai ſtent a quhile, and therewt unafraid,
As I beheld, and keſt myn eyen [r] a lawe,
From beugh to beugh, thay hippit and thai plaid,
And freſchly in thair birdis kynd araid,
Thaire fatheris new, and [s] fret thame in the ſonne,
And thankit lufe, yt had thair [t] makis wonne.

XVII.

o Kalends.] The beginning of your bliſs, May, the month of love.

p Zour hevynis wonne.] Ye that have attained your higheſt bliſs, by winning your mates.—See the laſt line of the next ſtanza.

q A lytill thrawe.] A ſhort ſpace.

r Keſt myn eyen a lawe.] Caſt mine eyes below.

s Fret thame.] Raiſed or ſpread them in the ſun. Thus *fret work*, or raiſed work.

t Thair makis.] Their mates.

XVII.

This was the plane ditie of thaire note,
And therewt all unto myſelf I thot,
[u] Quhat lufe is this, that makis birdis dote?
Quhat may this be, how cummyth it of ought?
Quhat nedith it to be ſo dere ybought?
It is nothing, trowe I, bot [x] feynit chere,
[y] And that one liſt to counterfeten chere.

XVIII.

Eft wold I think, O Lord, quhat may this be?
That lufe is of ſo noble myt and kynde,
Lufing his folk, and ſuich proſperitee
Is it of him, as we in bukis fynd,
May he oure hertis ſetten and unbynd:
Hath he upon our hertis ſuich maiſtrye?
Or all this is bot feynit fantaſye?

XIX.

u What lufe is this.] What love can this be?

x Feynit chere.] Feigned mirth or chearfulneſs.

y And that one liſt.] The ſenſe here is obſcure. I ſuſpect there may be an error in the word *one liſt*, in place of *me liſt*, which liſt me, or inclines me to think it may be only counterfeited *chere*, or *mirth*.

The King's confinement, one would think, muſt have been very ſtrict, and his time wholly engroſſed by ſtudy, that, before this, he had never felt the flame of love.

XIX.

For giff he be of ſo grete excellence,
That he of every wight hath cure and charge,
Quhat have I gilt to him, or doon offenſe?
That I am [z] thrall, and birdis gone at large,
Sen him to ſerve he myt ſet my corage,
And, gif he be not ſo, than may I ſeyne
Quhat makis folk to jangill of him in veyne?

XX.

Can I not ellis fynd bot giff yt he
Be lord, and, as a god, may lyve and regne,
To bynd, and louſe, and maken thrallis free,
Than wold I pray his bliſsful grace benigne,
[a] To hable me unto his ſervice digne,
And evermore for to be one of tho
Him trewly for to ſerve in wele and wo.

XXI.

And therewt keſt I doun myn eye ageyne,
Quhare as I ſaw walkyng under the Toure,

Full

[z] That I am thrall-priſoner.

[a] *To hable.*] To enable me; make me fit.

Full ſecretely, new cumyn hir [b] to pleyne,
The faireſt or the freſcheſt zoung floure
That ever I ſawe, methot, before that houre,
For quhich ſodayne [c] abate, anon [d] aſtert,
The blude of all my body to my hert.

XXII.

And though I ſtood abaiſit tho a lyte,
No wonder was; for quhy? my wittis all
Were ſo ouercome wt pleſance and delyte,
Only through latting of myn eyen fall,
That ſudaynly my hert become hir thrall,
For ever of free wyll, for of [e] manace
There was no takyn in hir ſuete face.

XXIII.

b Cumyn hir to pleyne.] Coming forth to make her morning oraiſons. To pray, petition, playn, or complain, are uſed in the ſame ſenſe. Thus G. Douglas, Prol. to 13. Æneid:

" The lark deſcendis from the ſkyis hicht,
" Singand hir complene ſang aftir hir giſe,
" To tak hir reſt."——

c Sodayne abate.] Suddenly I was caſt down, and dejected. From the Fr. *abbatu.*—*Abaiſit*, in the next ſtanza, is derived from the ſame original.

d Anon aſtert.] And then or immediately ſtarted the whole blood of my body to my heart.

e For of manace.] For, of forbidding pride or haughtineſs—She had nothing in her ſweet countenance.—*Manace*, or *minaçe*, from the Lat. *minare.*

XXIII.

And in my hede I drew ryt haſtily,
And eft ſones I lent it out ageyne,
And ſaw hir walk that verray womanly,
With no wight mo, bot only women tueyne,
Than gan I ſtudye in myſelf and ſeyne,
Ah! ſuete are ze a warldly creature,
Or hevingly thing in likeneſſe of nature *f*?

XXIV.

Or ar ze god Cupidis owin princeſſe?
And cumyn are to louſe me out of band,

Or

f In the Prince's ſituation, viewing from his window, in the Tower of Windſor, the beautiful Jane walking below in the palace-garden, he could not with propriety have given a minute deſcription of her features; but it will be difficult for imagination to form a more lovely idea of beauty than what our poet has drawn, under the figurative deſcription of

The faireſt and the freſcheſt young floure
That ever I ſaw.——

A picture expreſſive of beauty, health, and blooming youth! —With more propriety he deſcribes the ſweetneſs of her countenance, reſulting from a view of the whole, without the leaſt expreſſion of pride or haughtineſs, and the ſudden paſſion with which her beauty inſpired him. Her golden locks, and white enamelled neck, with her head-dreſs, attire, and ornaments, are particularly and moſt poetically painted in the following 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th ſtanzas.

Or are ze veray Nature the goddeſſe,
That have depayntit wt zour hevinly hand,
This gardyn full of flouris, as they ſtand?
Quhat ſall I think, allace! quhat reverence
g Sall I meſter to zour excellence?

XXV.

Giff ze a goddeſſe be, and yt ze like
To do me payne, I may it not aſtert;
Giff ze be warldly wight, *h* yt dooth me ſike,
Quhy leſt God mak zou ſo my dereſt hert,
To do a ſely priſoner thus ſmert,
That luſis zou all, and wote of not but wo,
And, therefore, merci ſuete! ſen it is ſo.

XXVI.

Quhen I a lytill thrawe had maid my mone,
Bewailing myn infortune and my chance,

g Sall I meſter.] Perhaps *adminiſter*.

h That does me ſike.] The word *ſite*, or *ſyte*, in our old language, ſignifies *grief*, or *ſorrow*. G. D. p. 177. v. 14.—p. 184. v. 19.—It is not improbable that, for the ſake of the metre, the poet may have made free with the termination. The poet ſeems thus to expoſtulate: "If thou art a goddeſs, I cannot reſiſt thy power; but if only a mortal creature, God ſurely cannot leſt or incline you to grieve or "give pain to a poor captive that loves you." G. D. p. 285. v. 31.

Unknawin how or quhat was beſt to done,
So ferre I fallying into lufis dance,
That ſodeynly my wit, my contenance,
My hert, my will, my nature, and my mynd,
Was changit clene ry^{t} in ane other kind.

XXVII.

Of hir array the form gif I ſal write,
Toward her goldin haire, and rich atyre,
i In fretwiſe couchit w^{t} perlis quhite,
And grete *k* balas lemyng as the fyre,
W^{t} mony ane emerant and faire ſaphire,
l And on hir hede a chaplet freſch of hewe,
Of plumys partit rede, and quhite, and blewe.

XXVIII.

i In fretwiſe couchit.] Hid or couchit with fretwork of pearls.

k Grete balas lemyng as the fyre.] Precious ſtones, ſparkling as fire.—*Balay* is ſo called from the place whence this ſtone is brought, called *Balaſſia* in India, ſituated to the north of Bengal. Urry's Gloſſ. on Chaucer.

" No ſaphire of Inde, no rubie rich of price,
" Nor emerand ſo grene, nor *Balas*."——

CH. *Palace of Love.*

l " And on her hede a chaplet freſche of hewe,
" Of plumys partit rede, and quhite, and blewe,
" Full of quaking ſpangis bright as gold."——

It is pleaſant to obſerve here the ſimilarity of the Princeſs Jane's head-dreſs to the mode at preſent uſed by our modern ladies,

XXVIII.

Full of quaking ſpangis bryt as gold,
Forgit of ſchap like to the [m] amorettis,
So new, ſo freſch, ſo pleaſant to behold,
The plumys eke like to the [n] floure jonettis,
And other of ſchap, like to the floure jonettis;
And, above all this, there was, wele I wote,
Beautee eneuch to mak a world to dote.

XXIX.

About hir neck, quhite as the [o] fyre amaille,
A gudelie cheyne of ſmall [p] orfeverye,

Quharé

ladies, in adorning their heads with flowers, plumes of various colours, ſpangles, and jewels ſet in ſhapes of flowers.

m Forgit of ſhape like to the amorettis.] Made in the form of a love-knot or garland.—Thus Chaucer's deſcription of Cupid, in the Romaunt of the Roſe:

" This God of Love of his faſcion——
" ——Not yclad in ſilk was he,
" But all in flouris and flourettis,
" Ypainted all with amorettis."

n Like to the floure jonettis.] What flower our poet here alludes to I do not know: By his repeating it, he ſeems to be fond of the name; perhaps the *jonquil*, a May flower. Or he might have dubbed ſome flower, then worn by her, with the name *janetta*, in honour of his miſtreſs the Lady Jane.

o Her neck quhite as the fyre amaile.] I ſuſpect the laſt two words to be erroneouſly tranſcribed. The original probably is, " Quhite as the fayre *anamaill*, or *enamell*."

p A cheyne of ſmall orfeverye.] A chain of gold-work. From the Fr. *orfeuverie*.

Quhare by there hang a ruby, *q* wtout faille
Like to ane hert ſchapin verily,
That, as a ſperk of *r* lowe ſo wantonly
Semyt birnyng upon hir quhite throte,
Now gif there was gud pertye, God it wote.

XXX.

And for to walk that freſche Mayes morowe,
Ane huke ſhe had upon her tiſſew quhite,
That gudeliare had not bene ſene to forowe,
As I ſuppoſe, and girt ſche was alyte;
s Thus halflyng lowſe for haſte, to ſuich delyte,
It was to ſee her zouth in gudelihed,
That for rudenes to ſpeke thereof I drede.

XXXI.

In hir was zouth, beautee, wt humble aport,
Bountee, richeſſe, and womanly faiture,
God

q A rubie without faille.] Without flaw.

r As a ſpark of lowe.] Bright as a ſpark of fire, ſeem'd burning upon her white neck.—A beautiful ſimilie!

s Thus halflyng looſe.] This deſcription of his miſtreſs, in her looſe morning attire, her robe faſtened with a hook or claſp, in a negligent mode, and halflyn looſe, which gave her lover (unſeen) the pleaſure of ſpying ſome hidden beauties, which the poet with great delicacy only hints at, is finely and modeſtly expreſſed.

God better wote than my pen can report,
Wiſdome, largeſſe eſtate, and conyng ſure
In every point, ſo guydit hir meſure,
In word, in dede, in ſchap, in contenance,
That nature myt no more hir childe auance[t].

XXXII.

[t] As no doubt our poet muſt have ſeen, and had in his eye, Chaucer's Court of Love, when he wrote his own poem, for the entertainment of the reader, and by way of compariſon with our poet's deſcription of his miſtreſs, in the foregoing ſtanzas, I ſhall tranſcribe, from Chaucer's Court of Love, the deſcription which he there gives of the beauty of his miſtreſs Roſiall:

Within ane herber and a gardein faire,
Where flowris growe, and herbis vertuous,
Of which the ſavour ſweet was, and the eire—
———There was Roſiall, womanly to ſe,
Whoſe ſtremis ſotill perſyng of her eye:
Mine hert gan thrill for beautie in the ſtounde,
Alas! quoth I, Who has me gyve this wound?

If I ſhall all fully her deſcrive,
Her hed was rounde, by compas of nature,
Her here was golde ſhe paſſit all on live,
And lillie forehede had this creature,
With liveliſh browis, flawe of colour pure,
Betwene the which was mene diſſeveraunce
From every browe, to ſhewin a diſtaunce.

Her noſe directid ſtreight and even as line,
With forme and ſhape thereto convenient,

In

XXXII.

Throw quhich anon I knew and underſtude
Wele yt ſche was a wardly creature,

On

In which the godis milk-white path doth ſhine,
And eke her eyen ben bright and orient,
As is the * *Smaragade* unto my judgement,
Or yet theſe ſterris hevenly ſmall and bright,
Her viſage is of lovely red and white.

Her mouthe is ſhort, and ſhutte, in litil ſpace
Flamyng † ſomedele, not over rid I mene,
With pregnaunt lips, and thick to kiſs percace,
For lippis thin, not fat, but ovir lene,
They ſerve of naught, they be not worth a bene;
For if the baſe ‡ ben full, there is delite,
Maximian truly thus doth he write.

But,

---

* *Smaragdus.*] An emerald.—Eyes of emerald, or green colour, cannot be beautiful. Chaucer meant only to compare his miſtreſs's eyes in brightneſs to the orient emerald. The ſimilie, however, is not well choſen.

† *Flamyng.*] Or ruddy.

‡ *Baſe*, the kiſs; from Maximianus's *Baſia Plena*; *ben*, or *be*, full.—Chaucer, in the whole of this deſcription, is not over delicate. In this laſt of his miſtreſs's kiſſing lips, he had in view, as he tells us, the firſt Elegy of Maximianus:

" Flammea dilexi, modicumque tumentia labra
" Quae mihi guſtanti, Baſia plena darent."

The *Flammea labra modicum tumentia* of Maximian are but coarſely turned into the pregnant, thick, fat lips of Chaucer's miſtreſs.

On quhom to reſt myn eye, ſo mich gude
It did my wofull hert, I zow aſſure
That

But, to my purpoſe, I ſaie as white as ſnow
Ben all her teeth, and in order they ſtande
Of one ſtature, and eke her breth I trowe
Surmounteth all odours that er I founde
In ſueteneſs; and her body, face, and honde
Ben ſharply ſlender; ſo that from the hede
Unto the fote, all is but womanhedde.

I hold my peace, of other things hidde:
Here ſhall my ſoule, and not my tong, bewraie *.
But how ſhe was arraied, if ye me bidde,
That ſhall I well diſcovir you and ſaie,
A bend of gold and ſilk full freſche and gaie,
With hir intreſſe ybrouderit full wele,
Right ſmothly kept, and ſhining every dele.

About her neck a flower of freſche deviſe,
With rubies ſet, that luſtie were to ſene,
And ſhe in goune was light and ſommer wiſe,
Shapin full wele, the colour was of grene,
With aureat ſent about her ſidis clene,
With divers ſtonis precious and riche;
Thus was ſhe raied, yet ſawe I ne'er her liche.

---

* The modeſt awful paſſion of the Royal poet differs as much from Chaucer's, as the delicate ideal figure of his miſtreſs Jane does from the buxom Roſial.

The reader, by comparing Chaucer's Court of Love with King James's Epiſode on the ſame ſubject, in the following Canto,

That it was to me joye wtout meſure,
And, at the laſt, my luke unto the hevin
I threwe furthwith, and ſaid thir verſis ſevin:

XXXIII.

O Venus clere! of goddis ſtellifyit,
To quhom I zelde homage and ſacrifiſe,
Fro this day forth zour grace be magnifyit,
That me reſſauit have in ſuch wiſe,
To lyve under zour law and ſo ſeruiſe;
Now help me furth, and for zour merci lede
My hert to reſt, yt deis nere for drede.

XXXIV.

Quhen I wt gude entent this oriſon
Thus endit had, I ſtynt a lytill ſtound,
And eft myn eye full pitouſly adoun
I keſt, behalding unto hir lytill hound,
That wt his bellis playit on the ground,
Than wold I ſay, and ſigh therewt a lyte,
Ah! wele were him yt now were in thy [u] plyte!

XXXV.

Canto, which is quite original, will find the votaries of Venus, in the laſt, are altogether different perſonages from thoſe of Chaucer.

u In thy pleyte.] *Pleyt*, according to Chaucer, is a wreath or collar.—"Happy he!" cries our poet, "that wears the "chains of ſuch a miſtreſs!".

XXXV.

An other quhile the lytill nyghtingale,
That ſat upon the twiggis, wold I chide,
And ſay ryt thus, Quhare are thy notis ſmale,
That thou of love has ſong this morowe tyde?
Seis thou not hir yt ſittis the beſyde?
Ffor Venus' ſake, the blisfull goddeſſe clere,
Sing on agane, and mak my Lady [x] chere.

XXXVI.

And eke I pray, for all the paynes grete,
That, for the love of [y] Proigne, thy ſiſter dere,
Thou ſufferit quhilom, quhen thy breſtis wete
Were with the teres of thyne eyen clere,
All bludy ronne yt pitee was to here,
The crueltee of that unknytly dede,
Quhare was fro the bereft thy maidenhede.

XXXVII.

Lift up thyne hert, and ſing wt gude entent,
And in thy notis ſuete the treſon telle,

[x] *Make my Lady chere.*] Make her glad with thy ſong.

[y] *Proigne.*] Alluding to the well-known ſtory of Tereus, Progne, and Philomela. *Ovid Metam. B. 6.*

That to thy ſiſter trewe and innocent,
Was kythit by hir huſband falſe and fell,
Ffor quhois gilt, as it is worthy well,
Chide thir huſbandis yt are falſe, I ſay,
And bid them mend in the [z] XX deuil way.

XXXVIII.

O lytill wreich, allace! maiſt thou not ſe
Quho comyth zond? Is it now tyme to [a] wring?
Quhat ſory thot is fallin upon the?
Opyn thy throte; [b] haſtow no leſt to ſing?
Allace! ſen thou of reſon had [c] felyng,
Now, ſwete bird ſay ones to me [d] pepe,
I dee for wo; me think thou gynis ſlepe.

XXXIX.

Haſtow no mynde of lufe? [e] quhare is thy make?
Or artow ſeke, or ſmyt wt jelousye?

Or

z XX *Dueil way.*] The ſenſe here is obſcure. Perhaps it means thus: "Bid ſuch cruel huſbands mend or repent, "by mourning twenty fold for their crimes." From the Fr. *deuil*, ſorrow.

a To wring.] To grieve, or be dull and melancholy.

b Haſtow no leſt.] Haſt thou no deſire or inclination to ſing?

c Had felyng.] Senſe, or feeling.

d Say ones to me pepe.] Give me but one chirp.

e Quhare is thy make.] Thy mate, or marrow.

Or is ſche dede, or hath ſche the forſake?
Quhat is the cauſe of thy melancolye,
That thou no more liſt maken melodye?
Sluggart, for ſchame! lo here thy golden houre
That worth were hale all thy lyvis laboure.

XL.

Gif thou ſuld ſing wele ever in thy lyve,
Here is, in *f* fay, the time, and eke the ſpace:
Quhat *g* woſtow than? Sum bird may cum and ſtryve
In ſong wᵗ the, the maiſtry to purchace.
Suld thou than ceſſe, it were great ſchame allace,
And here to *h* wyn gree happily for ever;
Here is the tyme to ſyng, or ellis never.

XLI.

I thoᵗ eke thus gif I my handis clap,
Or gif I caſt, than will ſche flee away;
And, gif I hald my pes, than will ſche nap;
And, gif I crye, ſche wate not quhat I ſay:
Thus quhat is beſt, wate I not be this day,

Bot

f In fay.] In faith.

g What woſtow.] What wit'ſt, woteſt, or knoweſt thou?

h To wyn gree.] To win the gree, or victory.—This is a Scottiſh phraſe, ſtill uſed with us, of which many occur in this poem.

Bot blawe wynd, blawe, and do the leuis ſchake,
That ſum tuig may wag, and make hir to wake.

XLII.

With that anon ryt ſche toke up a ſang,
Quhare com anon mo birdis and alight;
Bot than to here the mirth was tham amang,
[i] Ouer that to ſee the ſuete ſicht
Of hyr ymage, my ſpirit was ſo light,
Methot I flawe for joye wtout areſt,
[k] So were my wittis bound in all to feſt.

XLIII.

And to the nottis of the philomene,
Quhilkis ſche ſang the ditee there I maid
Direct to hir yt was my hertis quene,
Withoutin quhom no ſongis may me glade,
And to that ſanct walking in the ſchade,
[l] My bedis thus with humble hert entere,
Deuotly I ſaid on this manere.

XLIV.

i Ouer that.] Moreover, to ſee the ſweet ſight of his miſtreſs's image.

k So were all my wits or ſenſes feaſted.

l My bedis.] I devoutly ſaid my prayers, or *pater-noſter*.

XLIV.

Quhen ſall zour merci *l* rew upon zour man,
Quhois ſeruice is yet uncouth unto zow,
Sen quhen ze go, there is not ellis than,
Bot hert quhere as the body may not throu
Folow thy hevin, quho ſuld be glad bot thou,
That ſuch a gyde to folow has undertake,
Were it throu hell, the way thou not forſake.

XLV.

And, efter this, the birdis everichone
Tuke up ane other ſang full loud and clere,
And

l Rew upon.] Have pity upon.—In the beautiful paſtoral of *Robyn and Makyn*, in the *Evergreen*, "O Robyn rew on "me," or have pity on me. The reſt of this ſtanza is very obſcure. "When my miſtreſs is gone," continues the poet, "there remains only my body, (which is here confined) bot "or without my heart." Then addreſſing his heart, "Fol-"low then thy heaven, and be glad to follow ſuch a guide, "and forſake not the way ſhe leads you." The old bards, in the tranſpoſition of their words, ſeem to have been confined by no rules whatever; but a ſtill greater licenſe was often taken by them, which was to omit ſome words altogether, and leave them to be underſtood, where the verſe required it. Of this frequent inſtances occur in Chaucer and Gavin Douglas, as well as in the preſent poem, which I have attempted to explain or ſupply in the beſt manner I am able; though, perhaps, not always ſucceſsfully.

And wt a voce ſaid, Well is vs begone,
That with our makis are togider here;
We [m] proyne and play wtout dout and dangere,
All clothit in a ſoyte full freſch and newe,
In luffis ſervice beſy, glad, and trewe.

XLVI.

And ze freſch May, ay mercifull to bridis,
Now welcum be, ze floure of monethis all,
Ffor not onely zour grace upon us bydis,
Bot all the warld to witnes this we call,
That ſtrowit hath ſo plainly over all,
Wt new freſch ſuete and tender grene,
Our lyf, our [n] luſt, our governoure, our quene.

XLVII.

This was their ſang, as ſemyt me full heye,
Wt full mony uncouth ſwete note and ſchill,
And therewt all that faire vpward hir eye
Wold caſt amang, as it was Goddis will,
Quhare I might ſe, ſtanding alone full ſtill,
The faire faiture yt nature, for maiſtrye,
In hir viſage wrot had full luſingly.

XLVIII.

m We proyne.] Or prunye; prune, trim, or deck out ourſelves.—From the Fr. *brunir*, to burniſh or poliſh. G. D.

n Our luſt.] Deſire.

XLVIII.

And, quhen ſche walkit, had a lytill thrawe
Under the ſuete grene bewis bent,
Hir faire freſch face, as quhite as any ſnawe,
Sche turnyt has, and furth her wayis went;
Bot tho began myn [o] axis and turment,
To ſene hir part, and folowe I na myᵗ,
Methoᵗ the day was turnyt into nyᵗ.

XLIX.

Than ſaid I thus, Quharto lyve I langer?
Wofulleſt wicht, and ſubject unto peyne:
Of peyne? no: God wote ze, for thay no ſtranger
May wirken ony wight, I dare wele ſeyne.
How may this be, yᵗ deth and lyf both tueyne?
Sall bothe atonis, in a creature
Togidder dwell, and turment thus nature?

L.

I may not ellis done, bot wepe and waile
Within thir cald wallis thus [p] ylokin:

From

o Myn axis.] My fever.—*Axis* is ſtill uſed by the country people in Scotland for the ague, or trembling fever.

p Ylokin.] Locked up within his priſon-walls.

From hensfurth my reſt is my travaile ;
My drye thirſt with teris ſall I ſlokin,
And on my ſelf bene all my harmys wrokin :
Thus [q] bute is none ; bot Venus, of hir grace,
Will ſchape remede, or do my ſpirit [r] pace.

LI.

As Tantalus I travaile, ay buteles
That ever ylike hailith at the well
Water to draw, wt buket bottemleſs,
And may not ſpede, quhois penance is ane hell ;
So by myſelf this tale I may well telle,
For unto hir yt herith not I pleyne,
Thus like to him my travaile is in veyne.

LII.

So ſore thus ſighit I wt myſelf allone,
That turnyt is my ſtrength in febilneſſe,
My wele in wo, my frendis all [s] in fone,
My lyf in deth, my lyt into dirkneſs,
My hope in feere, in dout my ſekirneſſe ;
Sen ſche is gone, and God mote hir conuoye,
That me may gyde fro turment and to joye.

LIII.

[q] *Bute is none.*] Help or remedy there is none.
[r] *Do my ſpirit pace.*] Bring peace to, or calm my ſpirits.
[s] *In fone.*] My friends turned my foes.

LIII.

The long day thus gan I prye and poure,
Till Phebus endit had his bemes bryt,
And bad go farewele every lef and floure,
This is to ſay, approch gan the nyt,
And Eſperus his lampis gan to light,
Quhen in the wyndow, ſtill as any ſtone,
I bade at lenth, and, kneeling, maid my mone.

LIV.

So lang till evin for lak of myt and mynd,
[t] Ffor-wepit and for-pleynit piteouſly,
[u] Ourſet ſo ſorrow had bothe hert and mynd,
That to the cold ſtone my hede on wrye

t For-wepit.] For, thus preceding the verb, is far from being an expletive. It is always uſed by the old poets, to give ſtrength to the following word; or, as a ſuperlative of it, thus *for-wepit*, *for-pleynit*, &c. weeping and complaining bitterly.

u Ourſet ſo.] A ſtrong expreſſion of anguiſh. Quite overwhelmed both in body and ſpirit.

The Prince's violent paſſion, ſtruck at firſt ſight of the beautiful Jane; the corroding thought of his confinement, without immediate proſpect of relief; and his deſpair at her departure, are ſtrongly and naturally painted.—What a fine picture does the following pathetic lines exhibit!

" *Ouerſet*

I laid, and lenit, amaiſit verily!
Half-ſleping and half-ſuoun, in ſuch a wiſe,
And quhat I met I will zou now deuiſe.

" *Ouerſet* ſo with ſorrow———
" That to the cold ſtone my hede on wrye
" I laid and leanit *amazed* verily!
" Half ſleeping and half in *ſwoon.*"———

A modern ſentimental poet would, with a great deal of metaphyſical wit, have laboured, perhaps, through fifty lines, in deſcribing the Prince's ſituation on this occaſion.

THE

THE

KING's QUAIR.

CANTO III.

The Poet is tranſported to the Sphere of Love.

I.

METHOT yt thus all ſodeynly a lyt,
In at the wyndow come quhare at I lent,
Of quhich the chambere wyndow ſchone full bryt,
And all my body ſo it hath ouerwent,
That of my ſicht the vertew hale [x] I blent,
And that wt all a voce unto me ſaid,
I bring the comfort and hele, be not affrayde.

II.

And furth anon it paſſit ſodeynly,
Quhere it come in, the ryt way ageyne,
And

[x] *My ſicht-hale I blent.*] Or *I blent*; dazzled with the light.

And ſone methoᵗ furth at the dure in *y* hye
I went my weye, *z* was nathing me ageyne,
And haſtily, by bothe the armes tueyne,
I was araiſit up into the aire,
a Clippit in a cloude of cryſtall clere and faire.

III.

Aſcending vpward ay fro ſpere to ſpere,
Through aire and watere and the hote fyre,
Till yᵗ I come vnto the circle clere,
Off *b* ſignifere quhare fair bryᵗ and *c* ſchere,
The ſignis ſchone, and in the glad empire
Off blifsful Venus ane cryit now
So ſudaynly, almoſt I wiſt not how.

IV.

Off quhich the place, quhen I com there nye,
Was all methoᵗ of chriſtal ſtonis wroᵗ,

And

y In hye.] In haſte.

z Was nathing me ageyne.] Nothing oppoſing me.

a Clippit in a cloud.] Embraced, ſurrounded, held faſt. From the A. Saxon *clyppan.*

b Signifere.] The Zodiac, or Circle of the twelve ſigns.

c Bryt and ſchire.] Burning bright. G. D. p. 276. l. 43.

And to the port I liftit was in hye,
Quhare ſodaynly, *d* as quho ſais at a thot,
It opnyt, and I was anon inbrot
Wtin a chamber, large rowm and faire,
And there I fand of *e* people grete repaire.

V.

This is to ſeyne, yt preſent in that place,
Methot I ſawe of every nacion
Loueris yt endit thaire lyfis ſpace
In lovis ſervice, mony a mylion
Of quhois chancis maid is mencion
In diverſe bukis quho thame liſt to ſe,
And therefore here thaire namys lat I be.

VI.

d e The phraſes, " As who ſays at a thought," and " Of " people great repair," I take to be both Scottiſh.

The following allegorical deſcription of the Court of Venus, with the various groupes or claſſes of the votaries of Love, is extremely pictureſque, and ſhows great powers of fancy and imagination. The poet, I apprehend, has had the celebrated *Tablature of Cebes* in his view, although his groupes of figures are different. The pictures progreſſively brought into view by our poet are diſtinct, and the figures well painted: The deſcription is ſimple and pleaſant, becauſe not embaraſſed with frequent interruption, as in *Cebes*, by the dialogue frequently breaking in. To a few readers, a ſhort analyſis or argument may perhaps not be unneceſſary.

§ IV. and V. Deſcription of the Palace of Love, and the poet's entry into it, where he ſees groupes of people of every nation,

VI.

The quhois aventure and grete laboure
Abone their hedis writen there I fand,
This is to ſeyne martris, and confeſſoure,
Ech in his ſtage, and his make in his hand;
And therewt all thir peple ſawe I ſtand,
Wt mony a ſolempt contenance,
After as lufe thame lykit to auance.

VII.

Off gude folkis yt faire in lufe befell,
There ſaw I ſitt in order by thame *one*
Wt *hedis hore*, and wt thame ſtude *gude will*
To talk and play, and after that anon
Beſyde thame, and next there ſaw I gone
Curage, amang the freſche folkis zong,
And wt thame playit full merily, and ſong.

VIII.

nation, the devotees to love, whoſe ſtories are recorded in diverſe books;

§ VI. Each of whom has his make or miſtreſs in his hand, and their ſtory written above their heads.

§ VII. In the firſt claſs or groupe are thoſe who were ſucceſsful in love. *Prudence*, with his hoary head, accompanies them, and *Benevolence* and *Courage* join in chearful ſong with them.

VIII.

And in ane other ſtage, endlong the wall,
There ſaw I ſtand in capis wyde and lang
A full grete nowmer, but thaire hudis all
Wiſt I not why, atoure thair eyen hang,
And ay to thame come *Repentance* amang,
And maid thame chere degyſit in his wede,
And downward efter that zit I tuke hede.

IX.

Ryt ouer thwert the chamber was there drawe
A treveſſe thin and quhite, all of pleſance,

The

§ VIII. Falſe devotees to love, with caps or hoods over their eyes. Theſe were hypocrites, who, under the cloak of religion, as is further explained in § XV. and XVI. privately carried on their amours. *Repentance* accompanies them.

The ſanctimonious lecher is painted with great humour by a modern poet:

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks great plenty here you mote eſpy;
A little round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly markt among the fry:
He had a roguiſh twinkle in his eye,
And ſhone all gliſtening with ungodly dew;
If a tight damſel chanc'd to trippen by,
Which, when obſerv'd, he ſhrunk into his mew,
And ſtrait would recollect his piety anew.

Caſtle of Indolence.

The quhich behynd ſtanding there, I ſawe
A warld of folk, and by thaire contenance
Thair hertis ſemyt full of diſpleſance,
Wt billis in thaire handis of one aſſent,
Vnto the judge thaire playntis to preſent.

X.

And there wtall apperit vnto me
A voce, and ſaid, Tak hede, man, and behold:
Zonder there thou ſeis the hieſt ſtage and gree
Of agit folk, wt hedis hore and olde;
Zone were the folk yt never change wold
In lufe, but trewly ſervit him alway,
In every age, vnto thaire ending day.

XI.

For fro the time yt thai coud vnderſtand
The exerciſe of lufis craft, the cure
Was non on lyve yt toke ſo much on hand
For lufis ſake, nor langer did endure

In

§ IX. A groupe of unſucceſsful lovers with mournful countenances, holding in their hands their ditties or complaints.—*Traveſſe* is a partition. Here it is a ſplendid tranſparent curtain.

§ X. The higheſt rank of lovers;—thoſe who, through the whole of their lives, were invariable and conſtant in their loves, and hazarded all in its ſervice.

In lufis fervice; for, man, I the aſſure,
Quhen thay of zouth reſſavit had the fill,
Zit in thaire age thame lakkit no gude will.

XII.

Here bene alſo of ſuich as in counſailis,
And all thare dedis were to Venus trewe,
Here bene the Princis faucht the grete batailis,
In mynd of quhom ar maid the bukis newe;
Here bene the poetis yt the ſciencis knewe,
Throwout the warld, of lufe in thair ſuete layes,
Such as Ovide and Omere in thair dayes.

O XIII.

§ XI. And while in youth they had full enjoyment, in age the paſſion of love did not forſake them: Or, as our poet well expreſſes it, "In age they lakit no gude will."

St Evremont, that lively old Norman, at the age of 70, writes to his favourite Madame Mazarine, "That love is "the laſt paſſion that leaves the human breaſt!"—Dryden, in his Prologue to *Cymon and Iphigenia*, when paſt the above age, gives a moſt elegant turn to the ſame thought:

"Old as I am, for ladies love unfit,
"The power of beauty I remember yet,
"Which once inflam'd my ſoul, and ſtill inſpires my wit!"

§ XII. In this group were thoſe heroes who had fought mighty battles, as recorded in hiſtory; who were likewiſe devotees to love and gallantry; and in their ſuite were thoſe great poets who had recorded their deeds in their immortal lays, as Homer, Ovid, &c

XIII.

And efter thame down in the next ſtage,
There, as thou ſeis, the zong folkis pleye;
Lo! theſe were thay that, in thaire myddill age,
Servandis were to lufe in mony weye,
And diverſely happenit for to deye,
Sum ſorrowfully for wanting of thaire makis,
And ſum in armes for thaire ladyes ſakis.

XIV.

And other eke by other diuerſe chance,
As happin folk all day, as ze may ſe;
Sum for diſpaire, wtout recoverance;
Sum for deſyre, ſurmounting thaire degree;
Sum for diſpite, and other inmytee;
Sum for vnkyndneſs, wtout a quhy;
Sum for to mock, and ſum for jelouſye.

XV.

And efter this, vpon zone ſtage doun,
Tho yt thou ſeis ſtand in capis wyde;

Zone

§ XIII. Thoſe of middle age, who were unfortunate in their loves; "who died ſorrowfully," as the poet expreſſes, "for wanting their makis;" or were ſlain in battle in their miſtreſs's cauſe.

Zone were quhilum folk of religion,
That from the warld thairè governance did hide,
And frely ſervit lufe on every ſyde,
In ſecrete wt thaire bodyis and thaire gudis,
And lo! quhy ſo, thai hingen doun thaire hudis.

XVI.

For thoügh yt thai were hardy at aſſay,
And did him ſervice quhilum privèly,
Zit to the warldis eye it ſemyt nay,
So was thaire ſervice half cowardly,
And for thay firſt forſuke him opynly,
And efter that thereof had repenting,
For ſchame thaire hudis oure thaire eyen they hyng.

XVII.

And ſeis thou now zone multitude on rawe,
Standing behynd zone traveſſe of delyte,
Sum bene of thame yt haldin were full lawe,
And take by frendis, nothing thay to wyte,
In zouth from lufe, into the cloiſtere quite,
And for that cauſe are cummyn recounſilit,
On thame to pleyne yt ſo thame had begilit.

XVIII.

§ XV. and XVI. Thoſe hypocrites already deſcribed under § VIII.

§ XVII. Thoſe who in youth were by their friends ſequeſtered from love and the world, and forced by them into cloiſters.

XVIII.

And othir bene amongis thame alſo,
That cummyn are to court on lufe to pleyne,
For he thair bodyes had beſtouit ſo,
Quhare bothe thaire hertes gruch there ageyne,
For quhich in all thaire dayes ſoth to ſeyne,
Quhen other lyvit in joye and pleſance,
Thaire lyf was no^t bot care and repentance.

XIX.

And quhare thaire hertis gevin were and ſet,
Were copilt w^t other y^t could not accord;
Thus were thai wranged y^t did no forfet,
Departing thame y^t never wold diſcord,
Off zong ladies faire, and mony lord,
That thus by maiſtry were fro thaire choſe dryve,
Full ready were thaire playntis there to gyve.

XX.

And other alſo I ſawe compleynyng there
Vpon fortune and hir grete variance,

That

§ XVIII. and XIX. Other complainants on love, who had beſtowed their bodies, when their hearts were otherwiſe diſpoſed of; for which they paſſed their lives in ſorrow and repentance.

That quhere in love ſo well they coplit were
Wt thair ſuete makis coplit in pleſance,
So ſodeynly maid thair diſſeverance,
And tuke thame of this warldis companye,
Wtoutin cauſe there was non other quhy:

XXI.

And in a chiere of eſtate beſyde,
Wt wingis bright, all plumyt, bot his face,
There ſawe I ſitt the blynd god *Cupide*,
Wt bow in hand yt bent full redy was,
And by him hang thre arowis in a caſe,
Off quhich the hedis grundyn were full ryt,
Off diverſe metalis forgit fair and bryt.

XXII.

§ XX. Lovers who, being happily joined in love, were ſuddenly diſſevered or parted by death.

§ XXI. The deſcriptive figure of Cupid is moſt beautifully painted, ſitting near to the chair of ſtate, which, in the Court of Love, belonged to his mother Venus,

"With wingis bright all plumed but his face."

This idea of painting Cupid, all covered with bright or reſplendent wingis, is finely improved by Milton, in his deſcription of the angel Raphael. Though it is not very probable that Milton ever ſaw this poem, it is curious, however, to obſerve how two poets, in diſtant ages, in raiſing their imagination to paint in the richeſt colours a celeſtial being

XXII.

And wt the firſt yt hedit is of gold,
He ſmytis ſoft, and that has eſy cure;
The ſecund was of ſilver, mony fold,
Wers than the firſt, and harder aventure;
The third of ſtele is ſchot wtout recure;
And on his long zallow *f* lokkis ſchene,
A chaplet had he all of levis grene.

XXIII.

being of youth and beauty, have hit upon the very ſame idea, of covering him with gorgeous wings.

" ————Six wings he wore, to ſhade
" His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
" Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling on his breaſt
" With regal ornament: The middle pair
" Girt like a ſtarry zone his waiſt; and round
" Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
" And colours dipt in heaven: The third, his feet
" Shadowed from either heel with feather'd mail,
" Sky-tinctur'd grain! Like Maia's ſon he ſtood,
" And ſhook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
" The circuit wide."——

PAR. LOST, *lib.* 5.

§ XXII. *f. And on his long zallow lokkis ſchene.*] Bright yellow locks. In our old writings, the form of the letter *y* reſembles the modern form of the letter *z*. That, however, ought to be no good reaſon at this day for adhering to the old form in writing a *z* inſtead of *y*, as we do in ſome proper names,

XXIII.

And in a retrete lytill of compas,
Depeyntit all wt ſighis wonder ſad,
Not ſuich ſighis as hertis doith *g* manace,
Bot ſuich as dooth lufaris to be glad,
Fond I *Venus* vpon hir bed, yt had
A mantill caſt ouer hir ſchuldris quhite:
Thus clothit was the goddeſſe of delyte.

XXIV.

Stude at the dure *Fair calling* hir vſchere,
That coude his office doon in conyng wiſe,
And *Secretee* hir thrifty chamberere,
That beſy was in tyme to do ſeruiſe,
And othir moyt I cannot on aviſe;
And on hir hede of rede roſis full ſuete,
A chapellet ſche had, faire, freſch, and mete.

XXV.

names, as there can be no doubt that our anceſtors pronounced the words *zallow*, *zouth*, *zit*, as we now do *yallow*, *youth*, *yet*. Throughout this poem I have kept invariably by the old orthography.

g Not ſuch ſighis as hertis doth manace.] That is, "as doth "alarm or make the heart ſad;" but the amorous ſighs of happy lovers.

XXV.

Wt quaking hert aſtonate of that ſight,
h Unethis wiſt I, quhat yt I ſuld ſeyne,
Bot at the laſt febily as I myt,
Wt my handis on bothe my kneis tueyne,
There I begouth my caris to compleyne,
Wt ane humble and lamentable *i* chere
Thus ſalute I that goddeſs bryt and clere.

XXVI.

Hye Quene of Lufe! ſterre of benevolence!
Pitouſe princeſſe, and planet merciable!
Appeſare of malice and violence!
By vertew pure of zour aſpectis hable,
Vnto zour grace lat now bene acceptable
My pure requeſt, yt can no forthir gone
To ſeken help, bot vnto zow allone!

XXVII.

As ze yt bene the ſocoure and ſuete *k* well
Off remedye, of carefull hertes cure,

And

h Unethis wiſt I.] Not eaſily, or ſcarce knowing what to ſay.—G. D. p. 74. v. 24.

i Lamentable chere.] Or countenance.

k Socoure and ſuete well.] Sweet medicinal well, the cure of love-ſick hearts.

And in the *l* huge weltering wavis fell
Off lufis rage, blifsfull havin, and fure,
O anker and treue, of oure gude aventure,
Ze have zour man wt his gude will conqueſt,
Merci, therefore, and bring his hert to reſt!

XXVIII.

Ze knaw the cauſe of all my peynes ſmert
m Bet than myſelf, and all myn auenture
Ze may conueye, and, as zow liſt, conuert
The hardeſt hert yt formyt hath nature,
Sen in zour handis all hale lyith my cure,
Have pitee now, O bryt blisfull goddeſſe,
n Off zour pure man, and rew on his diſtreſſe!

XXIX.

And though I was vnto zour lawis ſtrange,
By ignorance, and not by felonye,
And yt zour grace now likit hath to change
My hert, to ſerven zou perpetualye,

l " Blifsful haven, from the huge rolling waves of " Love's fell rage ;" and " true anchor." The metaphors here are poetical and well-choſen.

m Bet.] For better.

n Pity your pure man!] The common Scottiſh phraſe for " Pity the poor beggar !"

Forgiue all this, and ſchapith remedye,
To ſauen me of zour benigne grace,
Or do me [o] ſteruen furthwt in this place.

XXX.

And wt the ſtremes of zour percyng lyt,
Conuoy my hert, yt is ſo wo-begone,
Ageyne vnto that ſuete hevinly ſight,
That I, within thir wallis cald as ſtone
So ſuetly ſaw on morow walk, and gone,
Law in the gardyn ryt tofore mine eye,
Now, merci, Quene! and do me not to deye.

XXXI.

Thir wordis ſaid, my ſpirit in diſpaire
A quhile I ſtynt, abiding efter grace,
And therewt all hir criſtall eyen faire
She keſt aſyde, and efter that a ſpace,
Benignely ſche turnyt has hir face
Towardis me full pleſantly conueide,
And vnto me ryt in this uiſe ſche ſeide:

XXXII.

[o] *Or do me ſterven furthwith.*] Or kill me inſtantly.—*Sterven* from the Anglo-Saxon *ſteorfan*, to kill.—G. D. p. 391. 36.

XXXII.

Zong man, the cauſe of all thyne inward ſorowe
Is not vnknawin to my deite,
And thy requeſt bothe nowe and eke to forowe,
Quhen thou firſt maid profeſſion to me,
Sen of my grace I have inſpirit the
To knawe my lawe, contynew furth, for oft,
There as I mynt full ſore, I ſmyte bot ſoft.

XXXIII.

Paciently thou tak thyne auenture,
This [p] will my ſon Cupide, and ſo will I,
[q] He can the ſtroke, to me langis the cure
Quhen I ſe tyme, and therefore truely
Abyde, and ſerue, and lat gude hope the [r] gye,
Bot for I have thy forehede here pent,
I will the ſchewe the more of myn entent.

XXXIV.

[s] This is to ſay, though it to me pertene
In lufis lawe the ſeptre to governe,
That

p This will.] This is the will of my ſon Cupid.

q He can.] Cupid gives the wound; to me belongs the cure.

r Gye.] Guide.

s This is to ſay.] Although it pertains to me to govern in love's law, yet the effects of the bright beams, and aſpects

of

That the effectis of my bemes ſchene
  Has thair aſpectis by ordynance eterne,
Wt otheris bynd and mynes to diſcerne,
  Quhilum in thingis bothe to cum and gone,
  That langis not to me to writh, God allone.

XXXV.

t As in thyne awin caſe now may thou ſe,
  For quhy, lo yt otheris influence,
Thy perſone ſtandis not in libertee;
  Quharfore, though I geve the benevolence,
It ſtandis not zit in myn advertence,
  Till certeyne courſe endit be and ronne,
  Quhill of trew ſeruis thow have hir u I-wonne.

XXXVI.

And zit, conſidering the nakitneſſe
  Bothe of thy wit, thy perſone, and thy myt,

It

of my planet, are directed by the eternal ordinance, which binds all things; and although I can diſcern things to come, yet I have no power, by myſelf, to wreſt or turn aſide what is decreed: God alone is able to do that.

t As, in thy own caſe, you being at preſent under other influence, thy perſon is not at liberty; therefore, although you have my good will, yet I can do no more, until you have run your courſe in the faithful ſervice of your miſtreſs.

u *I-won*, or *Y-won*.] Gained or conquered.

It is no match, of thyne vnworthineſſe
To hir hie birth, eſtate, and beautee bryt,
Als like ze bene, as day is to the nyt,
Or ſek-cloth is unto fyne [x] cremeſye,
Or doken to the freſche dayeſye.

XXXVII.

Vnlike the [y] mone is to the ſonne ſchene,
Eke Januarye is like vnto May,
Vnlike the cukkow to the phylomene;
[z] Thaire tavartis are not bothe maid of aray,
Vnlike

[x] *Cremeſye.*] Crimſon-cloth.

[y] Unlike the moon is to the bright ſun.

[z] *Thaire tavartis are not bothe maid of aray.*] The meaning of this phraſe, which appears to be proverbial, may be conjectured. *Tavert*, *tabard*, or *taberd*, was a ſhort coat open before, and without ſleeves, and worn only in the time of ſervice in war; hence it was called the *tavart of aray*. It diſtinguiſhed the rank of the knight, or perſon who wore it, by the armorial-bearing painted on it, as the herald's coat at this day doth. Hence we ſtill keep the phraſe of *coat-armorial*, or *coat of arms*. Our poet uſes it in this ſenſe. The *tavart of array* of the cuckow and nightingale are very different; or, to uſe another proverb, "They "are not fowls of the ſame feather." In Urry's Life of Chaucer, there is a curious diſpute as to a knight's aſſuming the coat of array of another knight:

"The

Vnlike the crow is to the papejay,
Vnlike, in goldſmythis werk, a fiſchis eye
a To purcreſs wt perll, or maked be ſo heye.

XXXVIII.

As I have ſaid, vnto me belangith
Specially the cure of thy ſekneſſe,
Bot now thy matere ſo in balance hangith,
That it requireth, to thy ſekerneſſe,
The help of other mo than one goddeſſe,
And have in thame the menes and the lore,
In this mater to ſchorten wt thy ſore.

XXXIX.

And for thou ſall ſe wele yt I entend,
Vnto thy help thy welefare to preſerue,
The ſtreight weye thy ſpirit will I ſend
To the goddeſſe yt clepit is *Mynerve*,

And

" The *tabard* was the well-known ſign of ane hoſtillrie in " Southwark, in which (ſays Speght) was the lodging of " the Abbot of Hyde, by Wincheſter, where Chaucer and " the other pilgrims met together, and with Henry Baillie, " their merry hoſt, accorded about the manner of their " journey to Canterbury."

SPEGHT's *Gloſſary to Chaucer.*

a To purcreſs wt perll.] The meaning is explained by what follows: " A fiſh-eye, compared with a pearl."—The word itſelf, or its etymology, I don't find in any gloſſary.

And ſe yᵗ thou hir [b] heſtis well conſerve,
For in this caſe ſche may be thy ſupplye,
And put thy hert in reſt als well as I.

XL.

Bot for the way is vncouth vnto the,
There as hir dwelling is, and hir ſojurne,
I will yᵗ *gud hope* ſeruand to the be,
Zoure [c] alleris frende, to [d] let the to murn,
Be thy condyt and gyde till thou returne,
And hir beſech, yᵗ ſche will in thy nede
Hir counſelle geve to thy welefare and ſpede.

XLI.

And yᵗ ſche will, as [e] langith hir office,
Be thy gude lady, help and counſeiloure,
And

b Her heſtis.] Her beheſts, commands, or directions.

c Zour alleris frende.] Your ally, aſſociate, or confederate.

d To let the to murn.] To hinder or prevent thee from mourning.

e As langith.] As belongeth to her office.—The reader muſt have obſerved, that, throughout the whole of this poem, our poet uſes many words according to the Scottiſh orthography and pronunciation, particularly in the uſe of the letter *a*, in place of *o*. Ex. gr. *Warld, amang, belang, ſang, wald, hald, Saul, knawe, blawe*, &c.

And to the ſchewe hir rype and gude auiſe,
Throw quhich thou may be proceſſe and laboure,
Atteyne vnto that glad and goldyn floure,
That thou wald have ſo fayn wtall thy hart,
And forthirmore ſen thou hir ſervand art.

XLII.

Quhen thou deſcendis doun to ground ageyne,
Say to the men, yt there bene reſident,
How long think thay to ſtand in my diſdeyne,
That in my lawis bene ſo negligent,
From day to day, and liſt thame not repent,
Bot breken louſe and walken at thaire large,
Is none yt thereof gevis charge.

XLIII.

And for, qd ſche, the angir and the ſmert
Of thair vnkyndeneſſe dooth me conſtreyne
My femynyne and wofull tender hert,
That than I wepe, and to a token pleyne,
As of *f* my teris cummyth all this reyne,
That ze ſe on the ground ſo faſt *g* yvete,
Fro day to day, my turment is ſo grete.

XLIV.

f My teris cummyth all this reyne.] This ſhower of tears which I ſhed.

g Yvete or *y-wet* with my tears.

XLIV.

And quhen I wepe, and ſtynten othir quhile
For pacience yt is in womanhede,
Than all my wrath and rancoure I exile,
And of my criſtall teris yt bene ſhede,
The hony flouris growen vp and ſprede,
That preyen me in thaire flouris wiſe,
Be trewe of luſe, and worſhip my ſeruice.

XLV.

And eke, in taken of this pitouſe tale,
Quhen ſo my teris dropen on the ground,
In thaire nature the lytill birdis ſmale
Styntith thair ſong, and murnyth for that ſtound,
And all the lightis in the hevin round
Off my greuance have ſuch compacience,
That from the ground they hiden thaire preſence.

XLVI.

And zit in tokenyng forthir of this thing,
Quhen flouris ſpringis and freſcheſts bene of hewe,
And yt the birdis on the twiſtis ſing,
At thilke tyme ay [h] gynen folk to renewe,

h At thilk tyme gynen folk to renewe.] In the ſpring, when flowers put forth and birds ſing on the trees, and gyn or begin to pair, and renew or increaſe their kind.

The

That ſervis vnto loue, as ay is dewe,
Moſt qmonly has ay his obſeruance,
And of thaire ſleuth tofore have repentance.

XLVII.

Thus maiſt thou ſeyne yt myn effectis grete,
Vnto the quhich ze aught and maiſt weye,
No lyte offenſe to ſleuth is forget,
And therefore in this wiſe to thame ſeye,
As I the here have bid, and conueye
The matere all the better tofore ſaid,
Thus ſall on the my charge bene laid.

XLVIII.

[i] Say on than, Quhare is becummyn for ſchame
The ſongis new, the freſch carolis and dance,
The

The following verſes in this and the next ſtanza are very obſcure.

[i] *Say on than.*] When you deſcend to earth again. "What "is now become of the ſongs, carols, and dances, the tourna- "ments and feats of gallantry, that whilom were ſo frequent "amongſt you?"—This complaint of Venus leads to conjecture, that the time here mentioned might have been immediately on the death of King Henry V. whoſe wars in France, though glorious, had been diſaſtrous both to France and England, and particularly to the nobility of both kingdoms.

The luſty lyf, the mony change of game,
The freſche aray, the luſty contenance,
The beſy awayte, the hertly obſeruance
That quhilum was amongis thame ſo ryf,
Bid thame repent in tyme, and mend thaire lyf.

XLIX.

Or I fall, with my fader old Saturne,
And wt alhale oure hevinly alliance,
Oure glad aſpectis from thame writhe and turne,
That all the warld ſall waile thaire governance,
Bid thame betyme, yt thai haue repentance,
And thaire hertis hale renew my lawe,
And I my hand fro beting ſall wtdrawe.

L.

This is to ſay, contynew in my ſeruiſe,
Worſchip my law, and my name magnifye,
That

doms. Few families but what had been thrown into mourning by thoſe bloody wars. This was not, therefore, the aera of gallantry, or of the feſtivals of Venus.

Without ſuch occaſional alluſion, the complaint of Venus ſeems to be unnatural, and rather an excreſcence on the poem.

That am zour hevin and zour paradiſe,
And I zour conſort here ſall multiplye,
And, for zoure meryt here perpetualye,
Reſſaue I ſall zour ſaulis of my grace,
To lyve wt me as goddis in this place.

THE

THE

KING's QUAIR.

CANTO IV.

He is conducted to the Palace of Minerva.

I.

WT Humble thank, and all the reverence
That feble wit and conyng may atteyne,
I tuke my leve; and from hir preſence
Gude Hope and I togider both tueyne
Departit are, and ſchortly for to ſeyne
He hath me led redy wayis ryt
Vnto *Minerve*'s *Palace*, faire and bryt.

II.

Quhare as I fand, full redy at the zate,
The *maiſter portare*, callit *Pacience*,
That frely lete vs in, vnqueſtionate,
And there we ſawe the perfyt excellence,

The

[k] The ſaid renewe, the ſtate, the reuerence,
The ſtrenth, the beautee, and the ordour digne,
Off hir court-riall, noble and benigne.

III.

And ſtraught vnto the preſence ſodeynly
Off dame Minerue, the pacient goddeſſe,
Gude Hope my gyde led me redily,
To quhom anon, wt dredefull humylneſſe
Off my cummyng, the cauſe I gan expreſſe,
And all the proceſſe hole, vnto the end,
Off Venus charge, as likit her to ſend.

IV.

Off quhich ryt thus hir anſuere was in bref:
My ſon, I have wele herd, and vnderſtond,
Be thy reherſe, the mater of thy gref,
And thy requeſt to procure, and to [l] fond
Off thy penance ſum confort at my hond,
Be counſele of thy lady Venus clere,
To be with hir thyne help in this matere.

V.

k The ſaid renewe.] This muſt ſurely be an error in the copy, as it appears to be unintelligible.

l To fond.] To find of thy penance ſome comfort from me.

V.

Bot in this caſe thou ſall well knawe and witt,
Thou may thy hert ground on ſuich a wiſe,
That thy laboure will be bot lytill quit,
And thou may ſet it in otherwiſe,
That wil be to the grete worſchip and priſe;
And gif thou durſt vnto that way enclyne,
I will the geve my lore and diſcipline.

VI.

Lo, my gude ſon, this is als much to ſeyne,
As gif thy lufe be ſet [m] alluterly
Of nyce luſt, thy travail is in veyne,
And ſo the end ſall turne of thy folye,
To payne and repentance, lo wate thou quhy?
Gif the ne liſt on lufe thy *vertew ſet*,
Vertu ſall be the cauſe of thy forfet.

VII.

[n] Tak him before in all thy gouernance,
That in his hand the ſtere has of zou all,

And

m Set alluterly.] If your heart is ſet altogether upon luſt, and not upon virtuous love, thy travail is vain, and ſhall end in ſorrow and repentance!

n Tak him, &c.] The explanation of the foregoing ſtanza.—In the firſt place, take Virtue for thy guide, who

holds

And pray vnto his hye purveyance,
Thy lufe to gye, and on him traiſt and call,
That corner-ſtone, and ground is of the wall,
That failis not, and truſt, wtoutin drede,
Vnto thy purpoſe ſone he ſall the lede.

VIII.

For lo, the werk yt firſt is foundit ſure,
May better bere apace and hyare be,
Than otherwiſe and langere ſall endure,
Be mony fald, this may thy reſon ſee,
And ſtronger to defend aduerſitee;
Ground thy werk, therefore, upon the ſtone,
And thy deſire ſall forthward wt the gone.

IX.

Be trewe, and meke, and ſtedfaſt in thy thot,
And diligent her merci to procure,
Not onely in thy word, for word is not,
Bot gif thy werk and all thy beſy cure
Accord thereto, and o vtrid be meſure,

The

holds the helm that ſteers the veſſel, and who will not fail you, but will conduct you to the completion of your wiſhes.

o *Outrid be meſure.*] Out-red, gone through, or regulated by meaſure and propriety, as to time and place.

The place, the houre, the maner, and the wiſe,
Gif mercy ſall admitten thy ſerviſe.

X.

[p] All thing has tyme, thus ſais *Eccleſiaſte;*
And wele is him yt his tyme will abit:
Abyde thy tyme; for he yt can bot haſte
Can not of hap, the wiſe man it writ;
And oft gud fortune flourith wt gude wit:
Quharefore, gif thou will be well fortunyt,
Lat wiſedom ay to thy will be junyt.

XI.

Bot there be mony of ſo brukill ſort,
That feynis treuth in lufe for a quhile,
And ſetten all thaire wittis and diſport,
The ſely innocent woman to begyle;
And ſo to wynne thaire luſtis wt a wile;
Suich feynit treuth is all bot trechorye,
Vnder the [q] vmbre of ypocriſye.

[p] *All thing has tyme, thus ſais Eccleſiaſte.*] "To every "thing there is a ſeaſon, and a time to every purpoſe under "the heaven; a time to get and a time to loſe," &c.

ECCLES. *cap.* 3.

[q] *Under the umbre.*] Under the ſhade of hypocriſy.

XII.

For as the foulere quhiſtlith in his throte,
Diuerſely to counterfete the brid,
And feynis mony a ſuete and ſtrange note,
That in the buſk for his deſate is hid,
Till ſche be faſt lok in his net amyd,
Ryt ſo the [r] ſatoure, the falſe theif, I ſay,
Wt ſuete treaſon oft wynith thus his pray.

XIII.

Fy on all ſuch! fy on thaire doubilneſſe!
Fy on thaire luſt, and beſtly appetite!
Thaire wolfis hertis, in lambis likneſſe;
Thaire thoughtis blak, hid vnder wordis quhite:
Fy on thaire labour! fy on thaire delyte!
That feynen outward all to hir honour,
And in thair hert her worſhip wold deuour.

XIV.

So hard it is to truſten now on dayes
The warld, it is ſo double and inconſtant,
Off quhich the ſuth is hid be mony aſſayes;
More pitee is; for quhich the remanant
That

[r] *The ſatoure.*] The luſtful perſon.

That menen well, and are not variant,
For otheris gilt are ſuſpect of vntreuth,
And hyndrit oft, and treuely that is reuth.

XV.

Bot, gif the hert be groundit ferm and ſtable
In Goddis law, thy purpoſe to atteyne,
Thy labour is to me agreable,
And my full help wt counſele trew and pleyne,
I will the ſchewe, and this is the certeyne;
Opyn thy hert, therefore, and lat me ſee
Gif thy remede be pertynent to me.

XVI.

Madame, qd I, ſen it is zour pleſance
That I declare the kynd of my loving,
Treuely and gude, wtoutin variance,
I luſe that flour abufe all other thing,
And wold, bene he, yt to hir worſchipping
Myt ought availe, be *him* [s] yt *ſtarf on rude*,
And nowthir ſpare for trauaile, lyf, nor gude.

XVII.

[s] *Be him that ſtarf on rude.*] That died on the croſs.—I would ſpare neither travel, life, or eſtate, if I thought I could avail or ſucceed.

XVII.

And, forthirmore, as touching the nature
Off my luſing, to worſchip or to blame,
I darre wele ſay, and therein me aſſure,
For ony gold y^{t} ony wight can name,
Wald I be he y^{t} ſuld of hir gude fame
Be blamischere in ony point or wyſe,
For wele nor wo, quhill my lyf may ſuffiſe.

XVIII.

This is the effect trewly of myn entent,
Touching the ſuete y^{t} ſmertis me ſo ſore,
Giff this be faynt, I can it not repent,
Allthough my lyf ſuld forfaut be therefore:
Blisfull princeſſe! I can ſeye zou no more,
Bot ſo deſire, my wittis dooth compace
More joy in erth, kepe I no^{t} bot zour grace.

XIX.

Deſire, q^{d} ſche, I nyl it not deny,
So thou it ground and ſet in criſtin wiſe;
And therefore, ſon, opyn thy hert playnly.
Madame, q^{d} I, trew w^{t}outin fantiſe,
That day ſall I neuer vp riſe,
For my delyte to couate the pleſance
That may hir worſchip putten in balance.

XX.

XX.

For our [t] all thing, lo this were my gladneſſe,
To ſene the freſche beautee of hir face;
And gif it my[t] deſerue [u] be proceſſe,
For my grete lufe and treuth to ſtond in grace,
Hir worſchip ſauf, lo here the blisfull cace
That I wold aſk, and thereto attend,
For my moſt joye vnto my lyfis end.

XXI.

Now wele, q[d] ſche, and ſen y[t] it is ſo,
That in vertew thy lufe is ſet w[t] treuth,
To helpen the I will be one of tho
From hensforth, and hertly without ſleuth,
Off thy diſtreſſe and exceſſe to have reuth,
That has thy hert, I will pray full faire,
That fortune be no more thereto contraire.

XXII.

For ſuth it is y[t] all ze creatures,
Quhich vnder vs beneth have zour dwellyng,
Reſſauen

t For our all thing.] For over or above all things.

u Be proceſſe.] If, in proceſs of time, I might ſtand in her grace, as a reward of my love and truth.

Reſſauen diuerſely [x] zour auenturis,
Off quhich the cure and principal melling
Apperit is wtoutin repellyng,
Onely to hir yt has the cuttis two
In hand, both of zour wele and of your wo.

XXIII.

And how ſo be, yt ſum clerkis trete,
[y] That zour chance cauſit is tofore,
Heigh in the hevin, by quhois effectis grete,
Ze movit are to wrething leſs or more,
Quhare in the warld, thus calling yt therefore,
Fortune, and ſo yt the diverſitee
Off thaire werking ſuld cauſe neceſſitee.

XXIV.

[z] Bot other clerkis halden that the man,
Has in himſelf the choſe and libertee

To

x *Zour aventuris.*] Your fortune or deſtiny, the controuling of which is beyond your power, and belongs only to the Fates.

y *That all zour chance cauſit is tofore.*] Your life and fortune is preordained in heaven, by whoſe direction ye are moved to wreth, *i. e.* to wreſt or move leſs or more in the affairs of the world: Thus what is called *fortune*, through the variety of her operations, is truly *neceſſity*.

z But other clerks hold the oppoſite doctrine of liberty in man's actions, and that he is under no neceſſity, but acts from choice, and according to his own purpoſe or will.

To cauſe his awin fortune, how, or quhan,
That him beſt leſt, and no neceſſitee
Was in the hevin at his nativitee;
Bot zit the thingis happin in qmune,
Efter purpoſe, ſo cleping thame fortune.

XXV.

[a] And quhare a perſone has tofore knawing
Off it y[t] is to fall purpoſely,
Lo fortune is bot wayke in ſuch a thing,
Thou may wele wit, and here enſample quhy,
To *God* it is the firſt cauſe onely
Off euery thing, there may no fortune fall,
And quhy? for *he* foreknawin is of all.

XXVI.

[b] And therefore thus I ſay to this ſentence,
Fortune is moſt and ſtrangeſt euermore,
Quhare,

a Where one knows before hand what purpoſely is to fall out, in that caſe chance or fortune is weak, or has little to do in the matter, as you may well know. Thus God, who is the firſt cauſe, and has foreknowledge of every thing, leaves nothing to be determined by chance.

b In human affairs, however, where man has no foreknowledge of what is to be the event, there fortune is ever ſtrongeſt. "So, my ſon, ſince thou art but weak both in

"wit

Quhare, leſte foreknawing or intelligence
Is in the man, and *ſone* of wit or lore,
Sen thou art wayke and feble, lo, therefore,
The more thou art in dangere, and qmune
Wt hir, yt clerkis clepen ſo *fortune*.

XXVII.

Bot for the ſake, and at the reuerence
Off Venus clere, as I the ſaid tofore,

I

" wit and *lore*, (or experience) thou art more ſubjected to
" what clerks *clepen* (or call) *fortune*.

From our poet's diſcuſſion of the queſtion with regard to man's acting from his own *free-will*, or *from neceſſity*, he appears to have been ſufficiently verſant in the metaphyſical learning of his age. Such intricate queſtions have been the *ignis fatuus*, or play of philoſophers, in all ages down to the preſent.

Milton makes the ſubtile reaſoning upon ſuch abſtruſe points one of the entertainments of the fallen angels:

" ———Others ſat on a hill retir'd,
" And reaſon'd high———
" Of *providence*, *foreknowledge*, *will*, and *fate*,
" Fixt fate, free-will, foreknowledge abſolute,
" And found no end, in wandering mazes loſt!
" ———Vain wiſdom all, and falſe philoſophy!"

Vain indeed! while every man, in defiance to the futile arguments of metaphyſicians, ought to be convinced, from his own feelings, that he is a *free agent*, and, as ſuch, *accountable* for his actions.

I have of thy diſtreſſe compacience,
And in confort and releſche of thy ſore,
The ſchewit here myn aviſe therefore,
Pray fortune help; for ſuich vnlikely thing
Full oft about ſche ſodeynly dooth bring.

XXVIII.

Now go thy way, and haue gude mynd upon
Quhat I have ſaid, in way of thy doctryne:
I ſall, Madame, q^d I, and ry^t anon
[c] I tuke my leve, als ſtraught as ony lyne

[c] "I tuke my leve, as ſtraught as ony lyne
"Within a beme, that fro the contree divyne,
"She percyng thro' the firmament extendit,
"To ground ageyne my ſpirit is deſcendit."

As Milton makes Uriel to deſcend to Paradiſe in the ſame manner, that is, on a ſun-beam, this, with the ſimilar inſtance noticed in our remark on Stanza XXI. of Canto III. would incline one to conjecture, that he had ſeen this poem of King James. Be that as it may, Milton has now made the thoughts his own, by the ſeveral fine alluſions which he has added, and amplified with all the luxuriance of poetical fancy.

"Thither came Uriel, gliding thro' the even
"On a ſun-beam, ſwift as a ſhooting ſtar
"In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd

"Impreſs

Within a beme, yt fro the contree dyvine,
Sche percyng throw the firmament extendit,
To ground ageyne my ſpirit is deſcendit.

" Impreſs the air, and ſhew the mariner
" From what point of his compaſs to beware
" Impetuous wind"———

THE

THE KING'S QUAIR.

CANTO V.

His Journey in Queſt of Fortune.

I.

QUHARE in a [d] luſty plane tuke I my way,
[e] Endlang a ryuer, pleſand to behold,
Enbroudin all wt freſche flouris gay,
Quhare throu the grauel, bryt as ony gold,
The criſtal water ran ſo clere and cold,
That in myn ere, maid contynualy,
A [f] maner ſoun mellit with armony.

II.

The ſcenery, or landſkip, as in the three firſt ſtanzas of this Canto, is painted in the richeſt colours of poetry. The verſe, too, is extremely harmonious.

d A luſty plane.] A pleaſant delightful plain.

e Endlang a ryver.] Along the ſide of a river.

f Maner ſoun.] A pleaſant ſound, mixed with harmony.

II.

That full of lytill fiſchis by the brym,
Now here now there, wt bakkis blewe as lede,
Lap and playit, and in a rout can ſwym
So prattily, and dreſſit thame to ſprede
Thaire curall fynis, as the ruby rede,
That in the ſonne on thaire ſcalis bryt,
[g] As geſſerant ay glitterit in my ſight.

III.

And by this ilke ryuer ſyde alawe
Ane hyeway fand I like to bene,
On quhich, on euery ſyde, a long rawe
Off trees ſaw I full of levis grene,
That full of fruyte delitable were to ſene;
And alſo, as it come vnto my mynd,
Of beſtis ſawe I mony diuerſe kynd.

IV.

g As geſſerant glitterit.] Like ſome precious ſtone, ſparkled in my eye.

The epithets, expreſſive of ſome diſtinguiſhing quality of the ſeveral beaſts mentioned by the poets, ſeem to be according to the natural hiſtory of theſe animals in that age, though now, as to ſome of them, known to be erroneous and exploded. Some of theſe epithets, I own, I am at a loſs to explain.

IV.

The lyon king and his [h] fere lyoneſſe,
The pantere like vnto the [i] ſmaragdyne,
The lytill ſquerell full of [k] beſyneſſe,
The ſlawe aſſe, the [l] druggare beſte of pyne,
The [m] nyce ape, the [n] werely porpapyne,
The percyng lynx, the [o] lufare vnicorn,
That voidis venym with his euoure horne.

V.

h Fere lyoneſſe.] Fierce or wild.

i The pantere like unto the ſmaragdyne.] *Smaragdus* is generally underſtood to be the emerald, or a ſtone of green colour. How the ſpotted panther is likened to the emerald is not obvious; perhaps it meant only, that the panther's ſkin ſhone as bright as a precious ſtone.

k Full of beſyneſſe.] The ſquirrell always in motion.

l Slawe aſſe, druggare beſte of pyne.] The meaning of the laſt two epithets can only be conjectured as applicable to the ſlow ſluggiſh nature of the aſs.

m Nyce ape.] Cunning ape.

n Werely, or *warlike* porcupine, armed with quills.

o Lufare unicorn.] This epithet of the unicorn, if ſuch an animal is known to exiſt, and its quality of ejecting poiſon from its ivory horn, are now unknown.

V.

There ſawe I *p* dreſſe him, new out of hant,
The fere tigere full of felony,
The dromydare, the *q* ſtander oliphant,
r The wyly fox, the wedouis inemye,
The clymbare gayte, the *s* elk for alblaſtrye,
The *t* herknere bore, the holſum grey for hortis,
The *u* haire alſo, yt oft gooth to the hortis.

VI.

p Dreſſe him new out of hant.] The fierce tyger, iſſuing from his haunt or den, new prepared for ſallying out upon his prey.

q The ſtander oliphant.] The elephant, that always ſtands. According to the vulgar, the elephant was erroneouſly ſaid to have no knees.

r The wyly fox, the wedouis inemye.] That robs the poor widow of her poultry.

s The elk.] A ſpecies of deer.—Buffon claſſes it with the rein-deer. What the meaning of the quality expreſſed by *alblaſtrye* is, I cannot find out. The colour of this animal is dark grey.

t u The epithets of the *herknere bore*, and *wholſum grey*, or *greyhound*, *for hortis*, or the gardens, the reader's own ingenuity muſt ſupply. The laſt, perhaps, means the hound that protects the garden from the hare that frequents it.

VI.

The [x] bugill draware by his hornis grete,
The [y] martrik ſable, the [z] foynzee, and mony mo,
[a] The chalk quhite ermyn, tippit as the jete,
The riall hert, the conyng, and the ro,
The wolf, yt of the murthir not ſay ho,
The [b] leſty beuer, and the [c] ravin bare,
For chamelot, the camel full of hare.

VII.

With many ane othir beſte diverſe and ſtrange,
That cummyth not as now vnto my mynd;
Bot now to purpoſe ſtraught furth the range,
I held away oure hailing in my mynd,
From quhens I come, and quhare yt I ſuld fynd
Fortune, the goddeſſe unto quhom in hye
Gude hope, my *gyde*, has led me ſodeynly.

VIII.

And at the laſt behalding thus aſyde,
A round place wallit have I found,

In

x *The bugill draware by his hornis grete.*] The ſtag. Perhaps the buffalo, which is an animal that draws in the yoke.

y *Martrick ſable.*] The ſable martin.

z *The ſoynzee.*] The fawn. G. D. p. 220. 42.—In vulgar French *fouine* is the pole-cat.

a *The chalk-white ermyn, tipt with ſpots black as jet.*] The body of the ermyn is pure white. The tail only is tipt with black.

b *Leſty bever.*] If *leſty* means here *luſty*, or *luſtfull*, this animal is not ſo. Perhaps it means, according to the Scottiſh, *luſty*, *plump*, or *fat*, which is applicable to the beaver.

c *Ravin*, or ravenous bear.

In myddis quhare eftſone I have ſpide
Fortune, the *goddeſſe*, [d] hufing on the ground,
And ryt befor hir fete, of compas round,
[e] A *quhele*, on quhich clevering I ſye
A multitude of folk before myn eye.

IX.

And ane ſurcote ſche werit long that tyde,
That ſemyt to me of diverſe hewis,
Quhilum thus, quhen ſche wald turn aſyde,
Stude this goddeſs of fortune *f* ℭ,
A chapellet wt mony freſch *g* anewis
Sche had upon hir hede, and wt this hong
A mantill on hir ſchuldries large and long.

X.

That furrit was wt ermyn full quhite,
Degontit wt the ſelf in ſpottis blake,

And

d The goddeſs Fortune *hufing*, *i. e.* dwelling or abiding on the ground. From the A. Saxon *hoſe*, a houſe. Hence our word *houff*, or *haunt*.

e A quhele on which clevering.] A wheel, on which I ſaw a multitude clambering.

f Stude this goddeſs of fortune, ℭ] The reader's own ingenuity muſt ſupply this mark of abbreviation. Perhaps it may be for *aſkew*, or *aſkewis*.

g A chaplet with freſch anewis, or budding flowers.

And quhilum in hir chere thus alyte
Louring ſche was, and thus ſone it wold ſlake,
And ſodeynly a *h* maner ſmylyng make
And ſche were glad, at one contenance
Sche held not, bot ay in variance. *

XI.

And vnderneth the quhele ſawe I there
An vgly pit, depe as ony helle,
That to behald thereon I quoke for fere;
Bot a thing herd I, y^t^ quho therein fell,
Com no more vp agane tidingis to telle;
Off quhich, aſtonait of that ferefull ſy^t^,
I ne wiſt quhat to done, ſo was I fricht.

XII.

Bot for to ſe the ſudayn weltering
Of that ilk quhele y^t^ *i* ſloppare was to hold,
It ſemyt vnto my wit a ſtrong thing,
So mony I ſawe y^t^ than clumben wold,
And failit foting, and to ground were rold,
And othir eke y^t^ ſat above on hye,
Were overthrawe in twinklyng of ane eye.

h Maner.] Pleaſant.

* The various turns of fortune incident to mankind are pointed out with a great deal of fancy in the following ſtanzas.

i Sloppare.] Slippy or ſlippery.

XIII.

And on the quhele was lytill void ſpace,
k Wele nere oure ſtraught fro lawe to hye,
And they were ware yt long ſat in place,
So tolter quhilum did ſche it to wreye,
There was bot clymbe and ryt downward hye,
And ſum were eke yt fallyng had ſore,
There for to clymbe, thair corage was no more.

XIV.

I ſawe alſo, yt quhere ſum were ſlungin,
Be quhirlyng of the quhele vnto the ground,
Full ſudaynly ſche hath vp *l* ythrungin,
And ſet theme on agane full ſauf and ſound,
And ever I ſawe a new ſwarm abound,
That to clymbe vpward upon the quhele,
Inſtede of thame yt myt no langer rele.

XV.

And at the laſt, in preſence of thame all
That ſtude about, ſche clepit me be name,
And

k Nere-oure-ſtraught.] Was almoſt ſtreight.

l Up ythrungin.] Thrown up. From the A. Saxon *thring-gan*, or *thryngan*, thrown. G. D. 87. 52.

And therewt upon kneis gan I fall
Full ſodaynly [m] hailſing, abaiſt for ſchame;
And, ſmylyng thus, ſche ſaid to me in game,
Quhat dois thou here? quho has the hider ſent?
Say on anon, and tell me thyne entent.

XVI.

I ſe wele, by thy chere and contenance,
There is ſum thing yt lyis the on hert,
It ſtant not wt the as thou wald perchance.
Madame, qd I, for lufe is all the ſmert
That euer I fele [n] endlang and ouerthwert;
Help of zour grace me wofull wrechet wight,
Sen me to cure ze powere have and myt.

XVII.

Quhat help, qd ſche, wold thou yt I ordeyne,
To bring the vnto thy hertis deſire?
Madame, qd I, [o] bot yt zour grace dedyne,
Of zour grete myt, my wittis to inſpire,
To win the *well*, yt ſlokin may the fyre

In

m Hailſing.] Saluting, or hailing. From the A. Saxon *hail*, or *hal.* G. D. p. 69. 23.

n Endlang and ouerthwert.] Through my whole frame, in length and breadth.

o Bot that your grace.] Would your grace but deign.

In quhich I birn: Ah, goddeſs fortunate!
Help now my game y^{t} is in poynt to ^{p} mate.

XVIII.

Off mate q^{d} ſche, a verray ſely wretch
I ſe wele, by thy dedely coloure pale,
Thou art to feble of thyſelf to ſtreche
Vpon my quhele, to clymbe or to hale,
Wtoutin help, for thou has ^{q} fund in ſtale
This mony day w^{t}outin werdis wele,
And wantis now thy veray hertis hele.

XIX.

Wele maiſtow be a wretchit man callit,
That wantis the confort y^{t} fuld thy hert glade,
And has all thing within thy hert ſtallit,
That may thy zouth oppreſſen or defade;
Though

p That is in point to mate.] *Mate*, or *mait*, to be overcome; defeated. From the old Fr. *mat*, overcome. G. D. p. 417. 17.—Hence *chec mate* at cheſs.

q Fund in ſtale.] Been long in ward, and ſequeſtered from friends. G. D. 382. 37.

r That has all thing in thy hert ſtallit.] Kept all in your own mind, without the comfort of communication with your friends, which has depreſſed and faded your youth.

Though thy begynyng hath bene retrograde,
s Be froward oppoſyt quhare till aſpert,
Now ſall thai turn, and luke on the dert.

XX.

And therewt all vnto the quhele in hye
Sche hath me led, and bad me lere to clymbe,
Vpon the quhich I ſteppit ſudaynly;
Now hald thy grippis, qd ſche, for thy tyme,
An houre and more it rynis ouer t prime
To count the hole, the half is nere away;
Spend wele, therefore, the remanant of the day.

XXI.

Enſample (qd ſche) tak of this tofore,
That fro my quhele be rollit as a ball,

For

s Take the oppoſite part, ſo ſhall thy misfortunes take a turn.

t *Ane hour ouer prime.*] In ancient times, the hours, according to the times of devotion, were divided into two parts. From ſix in the morning till nine, was called the *ſpatium orationum primarum*, or the hour of prime. Thus Milton:

" ———Praiſe him in thy ſphere,
" While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime."

Fortune

For the nature of it is euermore
After ane hicht to vale, and geve a fall,
Thus quhen me likith vp or down to fall.
Farewele, q^{d} ſche, and by the ere me toke
So erneſtly, yt therew^{t} all I woke.

Fortune here concludes her advice, by telling the Prince, that his revolution on her wheel is one hour, of which one half is already run; therefore to make good uſe of his time ſtill to run.

END OF THE VISION.

THE

THE KING'S QUAIR.

CANTO VI.

I.

O BESY [u] goſte, ay flikering to and fro,
That never art in quiet nor in reſt,
Till thou cum to that place y[t] thou cam fro,
Quhich is thy firſt and verray proper neſt;
From day to day ſo ſore here artow dreſt,
That w[t] thy fleſche ay walking art in trouble,
And ſleping eke of pyne, ſo has thou double.

II.

[u] *O beſy goſte.*] Buſy, fluttering, reſtleſs ſpirit.—It may be conjectured, that the King might have had in his mind the dying addreſs of the Emperor Adrian to his ſoul.

Animula vagula blandula, &c.

The anxious *Quae nunc abibis in loca?* ſo ſuitable in the mouth of the heathen philoſopher, is finely turned by the anſwer of our enlightened moraliſt:

"Thou never art in quiet, nor in reſt,
"Till thou cum to *that place that thou cam fro*,
"Which is thy *firſt* and very *proper neſt*."

The whole apoſtrophe is ſolemn and ſtriking.

II.

x Couert myſelf all this mene I to loke,
Thought yt my ſpirit vexit was tofore;
In y ſuenyng, aſſone as ever I woke,
By XX fold it was in trouble more,
Be thinking me wt ſighing hert and ſore;
That nane other thingis bot dremes had;
Nor ſekernes my ſpirit wt to glad.

III.

And therewt ſone I z dreſſit me to ryſe,
Fulfild of thot, pyne, and aduerſitee,
And to myſelf I ſaid in this wiſe,
Quhat lyf is this? quhare hath my ſpirit be?
A! merci, Lord! quhat will ze do wt me?
Is this of my forethot impreſſion?
Or is it from the hevin a viſion?

IV.

And gif ze goddis of zoure a purviance
Have ſchewit this for my reconforting,

In

x *Couert myſelf.*] Within myſelf; I mean to conſider all this.

y *In ſuenyng.*] Although my ſpirit was troubled in dream, yet as ſoon as I was awake, I was more in trouble by twenty fold in thinking that all was but a dream, and nothing certain to comfort me.

z *I dreſſit me.*] I prepared myſelf to riſe.

a *Purveiance.*] Praeſcience

In releſche of my furiouſe penance,
I zow beſeke full truely of this thing,
That of zour grace I myt have more [b] takenyng,
Gif it ſal be, as in my ſlepe before
Ze ſchewit have: and forth wtoutin more,

V.

In hye vnto the wyndow gan I walk,
Moving within my ſpirit of this ſight,
Quhare ſodeynly a *turture, quhite as calk,*
So evinly vpon my hand gan lyt,
And vnto me ſche turnyt hir, full ryt,
Off quham the chere in hir birdis aſſort
Gave me in hert [c] kalendis of confort. *

U VI.

b More takening.] A further token.

c Kalends of comfort.] Beginning of comfort; a dawn of hope.

* In place of detailing the ſteps by which he arrived at the poſſeſſion of his beautiful miſtreſs, the Prince concludes his poem, by a piece of machinery which is claſſical and poetical: The white dove, the bird of Venus, ſuddenly alighting on his hand, bearing a ſtalk of jillyflowers, on whoſe leaves, in golden letters, is announced

" *The newis glad, that bliſsfull bene and ſure*
" *Of his confort*———
" *That in the hevyn decretit was the cure,*"

Is finely imagined; and is one of many inſtances, throughout this poem, of a rich fancy and fine inventive genius of the Royal Poet. The numbers, too, are poetical and flowing.

VI.

This fair bird ryt in hir bill gan hold
Of *red jeroffleris*, with thair *ſtalkis grene*,
A fair branche, quhare *written* was *with gold*,
On euery lefe, wicht branchis bryt and ſchene,
In compas fair full pleſandly to ſene,
A *plane ſentence*, quhich, as I can deuiſe
And have in mynd, ſaid ryt on this wiſe.

VII.

Awak! awake! I bring lufar, I bring
The newis glad, that blisfull ben and ſure
Of thy confort; now lauch, and play, and ſing,
That art [d] beſid ſo glad an auenture:
Fore in the hevyn decretit is ye cure:
And vnto me the flouris fair did preſent;
With wyngis ſpred hir wayis furth ſche went.

VIII.

Quhilk vp anon I tuke, and as I geſſe,
Ane hundreth tymes, or I forthir went,
I have it red, with hertfull glaidneſſe,
And half with hope and half wt dred it [e] hent,
And at my beddis hed, with gud entent,
I have it fair pynit vp, and this
Firſt takyn was of all my help and bliſſe.

IX.

[d] *That art beſide.*] That art ſo near to happineſs.

[e] *Hent.*] Kept it.

IX.

The quhich treuly efter day be day,
That all my wittis maiſtrit had tofore,
Quhich he offerth, the paynis did away,
And ſchortly ſo wele fortune has hir bore,
To qmkin treuly day by day, *f* my lore
To my larges, that I am cum agayn
To bliſſe with hir that is my ſovirane.

EPILOGUE.

X.

Bot for als moche as ſum micht think or ſeyne,
Quhat nedis me, apoun ſo lytill *g* evyn,
To writt all this? I anſuere thus ageyne;
Quho that from hell war *h* coppin onys in hevin,
i Wald efter thank for joy, mak VI. or VII.;
And

f My lore to my larges.] A proverbial phraſe for "I will "exert my wit, to make a return or recompenſe."

g So little evyn.] Upon ſo ſmall an event.

h War coppin in heaven.] Were from hell raiſed to the top of bliſs in heaven.—Thus Chaucer: "Let them build-"en on the coppe of the mountaigne." *Boethius.*

i Would, for joy, make ſome ſtanzas of ſix or ſeven verſes.

And euery wicht his awin ſuete or ſore,
Has maiſt in mynde, I can ſay zou no more.

XI.

Eke quho may in this lyfe have more pleſance,
Than cum to largeſſe from thraldom and peyne?
And by the mene of luffis ordinance,
That has ſo mony in his golden cheyne,
Quhich this to wyn his hertis ſouereyne,
Quho ſuld me *k* wite to write tharof, lat ſe;
Now ſufficiance is my felicitee.

XII.

Beſeeching vnto fair Venus abufe,
For all my brethir yt bene in this place,
This is to ſeyne yat ſeruandis ar to luſe,
And of his lady can no thank purchaſe,
His pane releſch, and ſone to ſtand in grace,
Both to his worſchip and to his firſt eſe,
So that it hir and reſoun not diſpleaſe.

XIII.

And eke for thame yat ar not entrit inne
The dance of lyfe, bot thither-wart on way,

In

k Who ſuld me wite, or blame?

In gude tyme and ſely to begynne.
For thame yt paſſit bene the mony affray,
Thair prentiſſehed, and forthirmore I pray
In lufe, and cumyng ar to full pleſance,
To graunt thame all, lo gude perſeuerance.

XIV.

And eke I pray for all the hertis dull,
That lyven here in ſleuth and ignorance,
And has no curage at the roſe to pull,
Thair lyf to mend and thair ſaulis auance,
With thair ſuete lore, and bring thame to gude chance,
And quho that will not for this prayer turn,
Quhen thai wald fayneſt ſpeid, yt yai may ſpurn.

XV.

/ To rekyn of every thing the circumſtance,
As happint me quhen leſſeren gan my ſore,
Of

/ To reckon or mention the particulars of his courtſhip, ſays the poet, would be tedious; but to conclude, this fair flower, (my miſtreſs), ſays he, has afforded every remedy to my diſeaſe!—The high rapture which the King here expreſſes, on having attained the completion of his deſires with his amiable princeſs, and their loves, which nothing, ſays he, but death can ever remove, was verified through the whole, though ſhort period of their union, until the mournful cataſtrophe of his lamented death.

Of my rancoure and wofull chance,
It war to long, I lat it be tharefore,
And thus *this floure*, I can feye no more,
So hertly has vnto my help actendit,
m That from the deth hir man ſche has defendit.

XVI.

m That from the deth hir man ſche has defendit.] To one that looks for preſages, this line will perhaps call his attention to a circumſtance mentioned by the hiſtorians, of this virtuous and moſt affectionate princeſs's receiving two wounds, in attempting to defend the King from his inhuman murtherers!

" Having ſtruck down the King, whom the Queen, by " interpoſing her body, ſought to ſave, being with difficulty " pulled from him, ſhe received two wounds, and he with " twenty-eight was left dead!"—HAWTHORNDEN.

It was ſaid by Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Eugene IV. who was in Scotland as Legate, at the time, that he was at a loſs which moſt to applaud, the univerſal grief which overſpread the nation, on the death of the King, or the reſentment to which it was rouſed, and the juſt vengeance with which his inhuman murderers were purſued; who being all of them traced, and dragged from their lurking retreats, were, by the moſt lingering tortures that human invention could ſuggeſt, put to death. The Earl of Athole, whoſe ambition had incited him to conſpire the King's death, after ſuffering three days torture, crowned with a red-hot coronet of iron, with the inſcription " KING OF TRAITORS!" was beheaded, and his quarters ſent to the chief cities of the kingdom.

XVI.

And eke the goddis mercifull virking,
For my long pane, and trew ſervice in lufe,
That has me gevin halely myne aſking,
Quhich has my hert for ever ſet abufe
In perfyte joye, that never may remufe,
Bot onely deth, of quhom in land and priſe,
With thankfull hert I ſay richt in this wiſe.

XVII.

Bliſſit mot be the goddis all,
So fair that glateren in the firmament!
And bliſſit be thaire myt celeſtiall,
That have conuoyit hale with one aſſent,
My lufe, and to glade a conſequent!
And thankit be fortunys exiltre,
And quhele, that thus ſo wele has quhirlit me.

XVIII.

Thankit mot be, and fair and lufe befall
The nychtingale, yat with ſo gud entent
Sang thare of lufe, the notis ſuete and ſmall,
Quhair my fair hertis lady was preſent,
Hir with to glad, or that ſche forthir went;

And

And thou gerafloure, mot I thankit be
All other flouris for ye lufe of ye.

XIX.

And thankit be ye fair caſtell wall,
Quhare as I quhilom lukit furth and lent,
Thankit mot be the ſanctis merciall,
That me firſt cauſit hath this accident:
Thankit mot be the grene bewis bent,
Throu quhom and vnder firſt fortunyt me,
My hertis hele and my confort to be.

XX.

For to the preſence ſuete and delitable,
Rycht of *this floure* yat full is of pleſance,
By proceſſe and by menys favourable,
Firſt of ye blisful goddis purveyance,
And ſyne throu long and trewe contynance
Of veray faith in lufe and trew ſervice,
I cum am, and forthir in this wiſe.

XXI.

Vnworthy lo bot onely of hir grace,
In lufis rok, that eſy is and ſure,
In guerdoun of all my lufis ſpace
Sche hath me tak, hir humble creature,

And

And thus befell my blisfull auenture,
In zouth of lufe, that now from day to day
Flourith ay newe, and zit forther I ſay.

XXII.

Go litill tretiſe, nakit of eloquence,
Cauſing ſimpleſs and pouertee to wit,
And pray the reder to have pacience
Of thy defaute, and to ſupporten it,
Of his gudneſſe thy brukilneſſe to knytt,
And his tong for to reule and to ſtere,
That thy defautis helit may bene here.

XXIII.

Allace! and gif thou cumyſt in ye preſence,
Quhare as of blame fayneſt thou wald be quite,
To here thy rude and crukit eloquens,
Quho ſal be there to pray for thy remyt?
No wicht bot gif hir merci will admyt
The for gud will, that is thy gyd and ſtere,
To quham for me thou piteouſely requere.

XXIV.

And thus endith the fatall influence,
Cauſit from hevyn quhare powar is comytt,

§ XXII. and XXIII. The genuine natural ſimplicity of theſe two ſtanzas, as they expreſs the modeſty of the Royal Poet, do likewiſe enhance the merit of his poem.

No leſs does the fine concluding compliment, which he pays to *Chaucer* and *Gower*, his "*maiſters dere.*"

Of govirnance, by the magnificence
Of him that hieſt in the hevin ſitt.
* To quham we think that all oure hath writt,
Quho coutht it red agone ſyne mony a zere,
Hich in the hevynis figure circulere.

XXV.

Vnto impnis of my maiſteris dere,
Gowere and *Chaucere*, that on the ſteppis ſatt
Of rethorike, quhill thai were lyvand here,
Superlatiue as poetis laureate,
In moralitee and eloquence ornate,
I recommend my buk in lynis ſeven,
And eke thair ſaulis vnto the bliſſe of hevin.

A M E N !

EXPLICIT, ZIC. ZIC.

Quod Jacobus Primus Scotorum Rex Illuſtriſſimus.

* Theſe three lines are very obſcure. To make out their ſenſe, we muſt take in the whole ſtanza. "Thus (ſayeth "the poet) endith my ſtory, *cauſit* by the governance of "the Almighty, who reigns in heaven; to whom we think "that all we have written was *couthit* or known in the heigh "heaven for ages before."—*Couth* ſignifies *known*; from the A. Sax. *cuth, notus.* Hence *uncouth*, ſtrange or unknown.

CHRISTIS KIRK OF THE GRENE.

BY JAMES I.

KING OF SCOTLAND.

CHRISTIS KIRK OF THE GRENE.

I.

WES nevir in *Scotland* hard nor ſene
Sic danſing nor [a] deray,

Nouthir

Chriſt's Kirk.] The ſcene of action of this poem is traditionally ſaid to have been a village of *this name*, within, or near to the pariſh of *Leſly*, in that part of the county of Aberdeen called the *Garrioch*. In its neighbourhood is the hill of *Dunnideer*, which riſes like a pyramid in the midſt of the plain of Garrioch; on the top of which are the remains of a caſtle, ſaid to have been a hunting-ſeat of the Scottiſh Kings.—Allan Ramſay ſeems to have miſtaken the above ſituation for Leſly in the county of Fife.

a Deray.] Merriment, riot, diſorder. G. D. p. 35. and 288. From the Fr. *deroyer*.—From the ſame derivation is the Scots word *royet*, or *royit*, ſignifying romping, daft, extravagant.

Nouthir at [b] *Falkland* on the Grene,
Nor [c] *Pebillis* at the Play;
As wes of [d] wowaris, as I wene,
At *Chriſtis Kirk* on ane day:
Thair came our [e] kitties, weſhen clene,
In thair new kirtillis of gray,
Full gay,
At Chriſtis Kirk of the Grene that day.

II.

b Falkland.] One of the Royal houſes, ſituated on the north ſide of the Lomond hills, in the county of Fife. The caſtle of Falkland, a noble edifice, was habitable in the beginning of the preſent century, though now in ruins.

c Pebillis, or *Peebles.*] The head town of the county of Tweeddale, ſituated on the banks of the river Tweed. The annual games of archery, and other paſtimes, at Peebles, were of very ancient inſtitution. Our poet King James I. is ſaid to have often reſorted to that annual feſtivity.

d Wowaris.] Wooers, ſuitors.

e Kitties.] Ruſtic, romping, country laſſes, dreſt in their new apparel.—Biſhop Gibſon's edition has it,

"For there came *Kitty*, waſhen clean
"In her new gown of gray," &c.

Which is ſubſtituting the proper name of one girl (*Kitty*, or *Kattie*) in place of the general epithet given to the whole country laſſes that were aſſembled on this occaſion.

II.

To dans thir damyſellis thame *f* dicht,
Thir laſſes *g* licht of laitis,
Thair *h* gluvis war of the *h* raffel rycht,
Thair *i* ſhune wer of the *i* ſtraitis,
Thair *k* kirtillis wer of Lynkome licht,
Weil preſt with mony plaitis,
Thay wer ſa nyſs quhen men thame *l* nicht,
Thay *m* ſquelit lyke ony *m* gaitis,
Sa loud,
At Chriſtis Kirk of the Grene that day.

III.

f Dight.] Dreſſed, or prepared for the occaſion, G. D. p. 233. 395.

g Licht of laits.] This probably has been a vulgar phraſe. *Licht of manners*, lightſome, frolicſome, or romping.

h Gluvis, gloves of the raffell rycht.] Probably from the Saxon *ra*, or *rae*, a roe-deer; and *ffell*, a ſkin.

i Shune wer of the ſtraitis.] Their ſhoes were made of Turkey or Moroquin leather, from the Straits.

k Kirtills of Lynkome licht.] Gowns or petticoats of Lincoln manufacture.

l Men thame nicht.] When men came nigh or toyed with them.

m Squelit.] Shrieked like wild goats.

III.

Of all thir madynis, myld as meid,
  Wes nane ſa [n] jympt as *Gillie*,
As ony roſe hir [o] rude wes reid,
  Hir [p] lyre wes lyke the lillie:
Fow zellow zellow wes hir heid,
  Bot ſcho of lufe wes [q] ſillie;
Thot all hir kin had [r] ſworn hir deid,
  Scho wald haif bot *ſweit Willie*
    Alane,
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.

IV.

Scho ſkornit *Jok*, and [s] ſkrapit at him,
  And [t] murgeonit him with mokkis,
    He

n Jimp.] Neat, tight, ſlender.

o Hir rude wes reid.] Her colour or complexion was red. G. D. 408.

p Hir lyre.] Her ſkin, boſom, or neck. The *lyre*, or *lure*, in vulgar ſpeech, is the breaſt or boſom.

q Of lufe wes ſillie.] *Seile*, *ſele*, in our old language, ſignifies *happy*. G. D. Alſo ſimple, weak.—The reader may take it in either ſenſe.

r Had ſworn hir deid.] Should have doomed her to death.

s And ſkrapit at him.] Scropit, mocked, or ſcorned.—John Knox's Hiſt. p. 93.

t Murgeonit him.] Made mouths at, or ridiculed him.

He wald haif [u] lufit, ſcho wald not lat him,
For all his zellow lokkis,
He chereiſt hir, ſcho bad gae [x] chat him,
Scho [y] compt him not twa clokkis,
Sa ſchamefully his ſchort [z] goun ſet him,
His [a] lymis wer lyk two rokkis,
Scho ſaid,
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.

V.

Tam Lutar wes thair menſtral meit,
O Lord, as he could [b] lanſs!

u Lufit.] Loved.

x Gae chat him.] Go to the gallows. G. D. 239.

y Scho compt him not.] She reckoned him not worth two clocks, or beetles.

z A ſhort cloak or gown was the dreſs of the time, and continued ſo till the Reſtoration in 1660.

a His lymis.] His legs were like two *rokkis*, or diſtaffs; or, according to another Scottiſh phraſe, he was *ſpindle-ſhanked.*

b As he could lanſs.] Skip. G. D. 297.—The meaning, as applicable to the minſtrell, is explained in the next line,—"He plaid ſa ſchrill."

He playit ſa ſchill, and ſang ſa ſweit,
Quhile *Touſy* tuke a [d] tranſs,
Auld *Lightfute* thair he did [e] forleit,
And [f] counterfuttet Franſs;
He uſed himſelf as man diſcreit,
And up tuke [g] Moreiſs danſs
Full loud,
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.

VI.

Then *Steven* cam ſteppand in with ſtendis,
Na [h] rynk mycht him [i] arreiſt;

Platefute

d Tuke a tranſs.] A hop or ſkip.—From Lat. probably of *tranſire*, to go acroſs.

e Forleit.] Forſake, or deſert. G. D.—This applies to *Touſy* the dancer, who ſcorned to dance, like auld *Lightfute*, after the Scots faſhion, or the *reel*, a well known meaſure.

f Counterfuttet Franſs.] Aped to dance after the French mode.

g Moreiſs danſs.] Morrice or *Mooriſh* dances, rather of ſlow ſolemn movement, performed uſually by *gipſies* after the Mooriſh manner.

h Rynk, or *rinker.*] A racer, or one ſwift of foot. G. D. 193.—Here it is uſed for a nimble perſon.

i Arreiſt.] Stay, or ſtop; *i. e.* the moſt agile man of the company would not have ſtopt or outdone him in the dance.

Platefute he bobit up with bendis,
For *Mald* he made requieſt,
He [k] lap quhill he lay on his lendis,
But ryſand he wes prieſt,
Quhill that he [l] oiſted at bayth endis,
For honour of the feiſt
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.
That day.

VII.

Syne *Robene Roy* [m] begouth to [m] revell,
And *Downy* till him [n] druggit;

Let

k He lap.] Leapt.—B. Gibſon ſays gravely, that "the word *lap* ſignifies *lapt*, or *ſupped*, from the Cimbric word *lepia, lingua*, i. e. *lambendo bibere*." Nothing is more vague or fanciful than etymological derivations. No Scotſman but knows, that *lap* is the perfect of the verb *to leap*. The obvious ſenſe of the paſſage is, "He *lap* and capered ſo high, that he fell at his length; and, in riſing, was ſo preſſed, that after the well known vulgar Scots phraſe,—he

l Oiſted.] *Hoſted*, or coughed at baith ends, (*i. e.* broke wind) in honour of the feaſt." A coarſe, though moſt humorous picture!

m Revell.] Began to turn riotous.

n Druggit.] Dragged *Downy* towards him.

Let be, quo *Jok*, and [o] caw'd him javell,
And be the taill him [p] tuggit,
The kenſy [q] cleikit to the cavell,
Bot, lord, than how thay [r] luggit!
Thay partit manly with a [s] nevell,
God wait gif hair was ruggit
Betwix thame
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.

VIII.

Ane bent a bow, ſic [t] ſturt coud [u] ſteir him,
[x] Grit ſkayth wes'd to haif ſkard him,
He

o Caw'd him javell.] Javeller; probably a quarrelſome fellow.

p Tuggit.] Pulled him by the tail of his cloak.

q Cleikit.] Snatched up. A common Scots phraſe.—*Cavell*, or gavell, probably a cudgel or rung.

r Luggit.] Pulled each other by the ears.

s Nevell.] A blow with the fiſt.—Moſt of the above words, being vulgar, are now obſolete, and not to be found in any gloſſary. Their meaning, however, may eaſily be conjectured.

t Sturt.] Trouble, diſturbance, vexation. G. D. p. 41. 219. 19.

u Steir him.] Move, or provoke him.

x Grit ſkayth wes'd.] It would have been dangerous, or attended with ſkaith, to have ſkar'd or hindered him.

He cheſet a [y] ſlane as did affeir him,
The [z] toder ſaid *dirdum dardum!*
Throw baith the cheikis he thocht to [a] cheir him,
Or throw the erſs heif chard him,
Bot be ane [b] *aikerbraid* it cam not *neir* him,
I can nocht tell quhat marr'd him
Thair,
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.

IX.

With that a freynd of his cry'd, fy!
And up ane arrow drew,
He [c] forgit it ſa furiouſly,
The bow in [d] ſlenderis flew;

Sa

y He chuſed an arrow, as did effeir, belong to, or was fit for his purpoſe.

z The toder.] The other, in great fright, bauled out *dirdum dardum!*—Confuſion! Blood and murther!

a Cheir, and *chard*, are obſolete words. We may conjecture their meaning, from the ſenſe of the paſſage,—to *bore*, or to *pierce*.

b Be ane aikerbraid it cam not neir him.] The humour here is very arch.

c Forgit it ſa furiouſly.] From *forgere*, to *fabricate*. Here it means, "He drew his bow with great fury, threatening ſlaughter and death!"

d In ſlenderis.] A Scots word uſed at this day; *i. e.* the bow flew in ſplinters.

Sa wes the will of God, trow I,
[d] For had the tre bene trew,
Men ſaid, that kend his archery,
That he had [e] ſlane enow
That day,
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.

X.

Ane haſty [f] henſure, callit *Hary*,
Quha wes ane archer [g] heynd,
[h] Tilt up a taikle withouten tary,
[i] That torment ſa him teynd;
I wait not quhider his hand could vary,
Or the man was his freynd,
For

d Had the tre.] Tree, or wood, been true; had the bow been proof.

e That he had ſlane.] *i. e.* That he would, or might have ſlain many a one. The old Scots frequently uſe the pluperfect of the indicative, in place of the imperfect of the ſubjunctive.

f Henſure.] We find no ſuch Scots word. B. Gibſon has it *kinſman*, without any authority. It ſeems to be a contemptuous epithet; perhaps a *braggadochio*.

g Heynd.] Expert, handy. G. D.

h Tilt up.] Fitted up without delay his tackle, his bow and arrow.

i That torment ſa him teynd.] That torment or vexation ſo angred him; from the Anglo Saxon *tene*, or *teen*, anger, rage. G. D. p. 57. 10.—B. Gibſon has it, "I trow the "men was tien."

For he eſchapit, [k] throw michts of Mary,
As man that na ill meynd,
But gude,
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.

XI.

Then *Lowry* as ane lyon lap,
And ſone a [l] flane can feddir,
He

[k] *Throw michts of Mary.*] Through the power and aſſiſtance of St Mary.—A common ſaying.

The foregoing figures are introduced with great humour, and happily varied: *Touſie*'s ſolemn *Moreſco*; *Steven*'s entry, or high dance; and *Platefute*'s *fandango* with *Mauld*, his downfall, and miſbehaviour, are all highly comic. Again, the aukwardneſs of the *bowmen*, ſhowing that they had quite fallen out of the uſe of managing the bow, is ſatiriſed in the keeneſt ſtrokes of irony. The ſerious affected gravity of the poet, particularly in his arch reflection, "Such was the will of Providence," &c. are fine ironical touches. The whole ſhows that the poet was maſter of every ſpecies of humour and ridicule,

Whether he takes *Cervantes' ſerious* air,
Or *laughs* and ſhakes in *Rabelais'* eaſy chair.

Theſe great maſters of ridicule lived a century later than King James, whoſe genuine vein of humour flows full and entire from his own native genius. Genius is confined to no age nor clime.

[l] And ſoon feathered an arrow.

He [m] hecht to perſs him at the pap,
[n] Theron to wed a weddir,
He hit him on the [o] *wame* a wap,
It *buft* lyk ony bledder;
But ſua his fortune was and hap,
His doublit wes maid of ledder,
And faift him
At Chryſtis Kirk, &c.

XII.

m Hecht.] Promiſed, meant to hit him on the pap.

n To wed, or *wad.*] To pledge.—To wad a wedder, ſeems to be to pledge or wager a wedder. Hence a *wadſet*, or land given in pledge.

It may be conjectured, that, when archery was in vogue amongſt the lairds or gentry, it would be a common paſtime to ſhoot at butts for prizes; and that a ſheep or wedder, or, in other words, a dinner, as at preſent, might be the common prize or wager. The 18th act of King James I. firſt parliament, alludes probably to ſuch a cuſtom. It enacts, "That wha uſes not archery, on the appointed holy days "for ſhooting, the *laird* of the land, or *ſheriff*, ſall raiſe of "him a wedder."

o A wap on the wame.] A well known Scots phraſe for a blow on the belly, a ſtroke not deadly, making a ſound like that made on a blown-up bladder.

XII.

The buff ſo boiſterouſly *p* abaiſt him,
That he to the eard *q* duſht doun,
The uther man for deid then left him,
And fled out o' the toune;
The wyves cam furth, and up they *r* reft him,
And *s* fand lyfe in the loune,
Then with three *t* routis up they reft him,
And cur'd him of his ſoune
u Fra hand that day,
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.

p Abaiſt.] Stunned, amazed him.

q Duſht doun.] *Daſht*, (Engl.) Fell ſuddenly down.

r Reft him.] Pulled him up.---I ſcarce think our poet would have uſed the ſame words in the ſecond verſe after this.

s Fand life in the loune.] The rogue, who only feigned himſelf in a ſwoon.

t With three routis.] Or loud bellows like an ox, they raiſed him up, and brought him out of his pretended ſwoon.

u Fra hand.] Or out of hand; inſtantly.

The 12th ſtanza, as above, I have ſupplied from B. Gibſon's edition; I doubt, however, if it is genuine, as it is not in *Banantyne*'s *MS.* However, as it naturally connects with the former ſtanza, and the ſame vein of humour runs through it, I give it to the reader. A few of the words, which Gibſon had modernized from the old Scots orthography, I have reſtored.

XIII.

A [x] yaip young man, that ſtude him neiſt,
Lous'd aff a ſchott with yre,
He [y] ettlit the [z] bern in at the breiſt,
[a] The bolt flew ou'r the byre,
Ane cry'd fy! he had ſlane a [b] prieſt
A myle beyond ane myre;
Then bow and [c] bag fra him he keiſt,
And fled as ferſs as fyre
Of flint,
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.

XIV.

x Yape.] Or *yaip*; eager, ready, alert. G. D. p. 409. 20.

y Ettled the bern.] He tried or aimed to ſhoot the lad in the breaſt.

z Bern.] Bairn, often for a young man, as in G. D. 439. 22.

a The bolt.] Shaft, or arrow.

b Fy! he has ſlane a prieſt.] The worſt or moſt atrocious of all murders.

c Bag.] The quiver which held his arrows.

Since the introduction of fire-arms, the uſe of the bow in war is now quite laid aſide, and even as an exerciſe of ſport may probably be ſoon forgotten. There remains ſtill one, and only one ſociety in this kingdom, where archery is kept up,

XIV.

With forks and flails thay lent grit flappis;
And flang togidder lyk *d* friggis,
With *e* bougars of barnis thay beft blew kappis,
Quhyle thay of *f* bernis maid briggis;
The *g* reird rais rudely with the rapps,
h Quhen rungis wer layd on riggis,
The wyffis cam furth with cryis and clappis,
i Lo quhair my lyking ligs,
Quo thay,
At Chryſtis Kirk, &c.

XV.

up, the *Royal Company of Archers*, which always did, and at preſent can boaſt of having the chief of the Scottiſh nobility and gentry inrolled amongſt its members. Long may this ancient inſtitution flouriſh! and the manly exerciſe of the bow, the care of ſo gallant a monarch as James I. be preſerved, and tranſmitted down to lateſt poſterity!

d Friggis.] *i. e.* They bickered or pelted each other with ſtones.

e Bougars of barnis.] Rafters of barns dang aff blue caps.

f Of berns maid briggis.] Made bridges or ſtepping-ſtones (according to the Scots phraſe) of the berns or lads that fell down.

g The *reird*, or noiſe.

h When rungs.] Were laid acroſs their backs, or riggings.

i Lo where my love lies.

XV.

Thay gyrnit and [k] lait gird with grainis,
[l] Ilk goſſip uder grievit,
Sum ſtrak with ſtings, ſum gatherit ſtainis,
Sum fled and [m] ill miſchevit;
The *menſtral* wan within twa wainis,
That day full weil [n] he previt,
For he cam hame with [o] unbirſt bainis,
Quhair [p] fechtaris wer miſchievit
For evir,
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.

XVI.

Heich *Hutchon* with a [q] hiſſil ryſs,
To [r] red can throw thame rummill,
He

k Lait gird.] Let drive, or gave a ſtroke. G. D. From the A. Saxon *gerd*, to ſtrike with a rod or ſtick.

l Ilk goſſip.] Companion, grieved or hurt his neighbour.

m Ill miſchiev'd.] Sore hurt, or bruiſed.

n He previt.] *i. e.* Proved himſelf a cautious man, that kept himſelf out of the fray.

o Unbirſt bains.] Unbruiſed bones.

p Fechtaris.] Fighters.

q Hiſſil ryſs.] A hazel rung or ſapling. *Ryce* ſignifies young, or branch-wood.

r To red.] To ſeparate or part the combatants, he rumbled or ruſhed through them.

He [s] muddlit thame doun lyk ony myſs,
He wes na [t] baity bummil;
Thoch he wes [u] wight, he wes nocht wyſe
With ſic jangleurs to jummil,
For fra his thowme thay dang a ſklyſs,
Quhile he [x] cryed *barlafummil*,
I am ſlane,
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.

XVII.

Quhen that he ſaw his blude ſa reid,
To fle might na man [y] let him,
He [z] weind it bene for auld done feid,
He thocht ane cryed, haif at him!

He

s Muddlit.] Overturned, drove them down like mice before him.

t Baity bummil.] A bumbler or bungler of any piece of work.

u Tho' wight or ſtout.] Yet he was not wiſe to mix or interfere with ſuch janglers or wranglers.

x Cry'd barlafummil.] A Scots phraſe, in uſe among boys in their ſports for a ſtop or ceſſation. When one trips or ſtumbles, they cry *barle*; probably from the Fr. word *parler*, and *fumle* a fall. G. D.

y Let.] Stop, hinder.

z Weind.] He thought or imagined it done, in retaliation of ſome former feid, offence, or ill will.

He [a] gart his *feit* defend his *heid*,
The far fairer it ſet him,
Quhyle he wes paſt out of all [b] pleid,
[c] He ſuld bene ſwift that gat him
Throw ſpeid,
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.

XVIII.

The *town ſoutar* in grief wes [d] bowdin,
His wyfe [e] hang in his waiſt,
His body wes with blud all [f] browdin,
He grainit lyk ony gaiſt;
Hir glitterand hair that wes full gowdin,
Sa hard in lufe him [g] laiſt,
That

a "*He gart his feit defend his heid,*
"*The far fairer it ſet him.*"——It ſet or became him better to take to his heels than to fight.—The humour here is extremely arch.

b Paſt all pleid.] Out of all challenge or oppoſition. G. D. 111.

c He would have been ſwift of foot that could lay hold of him.

d Bowdin, or *bodyn.*] Full of, or ſwelled with rage. G. D. *voce* Bodin.

e Hung at, or clung to his waiſt.

f Browden.] Beſmeared or embroidered.

g Laiſt.] Laced.

That for hir ſake he wes na [h] yowdin
Seven myle that he wes chaiſt,
And mair,
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.

XIX.

The *millar* wes of manly mak,
To meit him wes na [i] mowis,
Thai durſt not ten cum him to tak,
Sa [k] nowitit he thair powis;
The [l] buſchment haill about him brak,
And bickert him with bows,
Syn traytourly behind his back
They hewit him on the [m] howiſs
Behind,
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.

XX.

h Yowden.] Probably tired.

i Na mowis.] No ſport, or jeſt.

k Sa nowitit, or *noytit thair powis.*] From *noy*, to hurt. G. D.

l The buſchment haill.] The whole body lay in ambuſh, and broke forth on him. G. D.

m On the howis, or houghs.

XX.

Twa that wer *herdſmen* of the herd,
Ran upon udderis lyk rammis,
Than followit [n] feymen richt unaffeird,
Bet on with barrow trammis,
But quhair thair [o] gobbis wer ungeird,
Thay gat upon the [p] gammis,
Quhyle bludy berkit wes thair baird,
As thay had worriet lammis
Maiſt lyk,
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.

XXI.

The *wyves* keſt up a hideous yell,
When all thir younkeris yokkit,
Als ferſs as ony [q] fyre flaughts fell,
[r] Freiks to the field thay flokit;
The

n Feymen.] Unhappy, miſchievous. G. D.—Fooliſh. *Skene.*

o Gobbis, or *gabbis were ungeird.*] Where their cheeks or gabs were bare or undefended.

p They got upon the *gammis*, or gums.

q Fyre flaughts.] Flaſhes of lightning.

r Freiks.] Light-headed, freakiſh, forward fellows. G. D.

The carlis with clubbis coud udir quell,
Quhyle blude at breiſtis out *s* bokkit,
Sa rudely rang the common bell,
Quhyll all the ſteipill *t* rokit
For *u* reid,
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.

s Bokkit.] Vomited.

t Rockit.] Shook.

u For reid.] Or *rade*, warfare. Hence the *Raid of Ruthven*; the *Raid of the Reid-ſquair*; ſkirmiſhes or ſcuffles.

In B. Gibſon's edition are the two following ſtanzas, which are not contained in Banantyne's MS. I take them both to be ſpurious. It is plain that the Biſhop has followed an Engliſh copy of the King's poem, as many words occur in it which were never uſed in Scotland. I ſhall, however, give the two following ſtanzas, as they ſtand in Gibſon's edition:

By this *Tom Tailor* was in his gear,
When he heard the common bell,
He ſaid he ſhould make them all on ſtear
When he came there himſell:
He went to fight with ſuch a fear,
While to the ground he fell,
* A wife that hit him to the ground
With a great knocking-mell,
Fell'd him that day.

* Our poet, who, through the whole of this poem, is very exact in his rhimes, would ſcarce have made a falſe one

in

XXII.

Quhyn thay had *x* berit lyk baitit bullis,
And *y* branewod *z* brynt in bails,

Thay

in the ſeventh line here; nor would he have uſed the word *ground*, both in the ſixth and ſeventh line, beſides the abſurdity of *Tom Tailor*'s firſt falling to the ground, and then his wife hitting him to the ground, and, laſtly, *felling* him!

The bridegroom brought a pint of aile,
And bade the pyper drink it;
Drink it, quoth he, and it ſo ſtaile,
Aſhrew me if I think it.
The bride her maidens ſtood near by,
And ſaid it was not blinked,
And Bartagaſie, the bride ſo gay,
Upon him faſt ſhe winked
Full ſoon that day.

The nonſenſe and aukward abſurdity of this ſpurious ſtanza is ſo obvious, that it is to be wondered how Gibſon could adopt it as genuine!

---

x Berit.] Perhaps bearded or baited each other, like bulls.

y Branewod.] Or diſtempered in their brains.

z Brynt, or *burnt in bails*, or in flame.] The phraſe ſeems now quite obſolete.

Thay wer als meik as ony mulis
  [a] That mangit wer with mailis;
[b] For faintneſs tha forfochtin fulis
  Fell doun lyk [c] flauchtir failis,
And freſch men cam in and [d] hail'd the dulis,
  And [e] dang tham doun in dailis
    [f] Bedene,
At Chriſtis Kirk, &c.

XXIII.

Quhen all wes done, *Dik* with ane aix
  Cam furth to fell a [g] fuddir,
    Quod

a Meik as mules, that are tired, and manged or galled with mails or heavy burdens.

b Forfochtin fulis.] Theſe fools that had tired themſelves with fighting.

c Fell lyk flauchtir fails.] Or turfs, caſt with a ſpade well known in Scotland, called the *flauchter ſpade.*

d Hail'd the dulis.] A well-known phraſe at foot-ball. When the ball touches the goal or mark, the winner calls out, *Hail!* or it has hailed the *dule*, or *dail.*

e Dang them down in heaps.

f Bedene, or *bedeen*, inſtantly; out of hand.

g Fudir, or *futhir.*] A load or heap.—Perhaps from *fouth*, a vulgar Scots word for plenty, or many in number.

Quod he, quhair ar yon *h* hangit ſmaix,
  Rycht now wald ſlane my bruder:
His wyf bad him ga hame, *i* Gib glaiks,
  And ſa did *Meg* his muder,
He turnit and gaif them bayth thair *k* paikis,
  For he durſt ding nane udir,
    For feir,
At Chriſtis Kirk of the Grene that day.

h This epithet is now obſolete.

i *Gibby glaiks.*] Light-headed, fooliſh *braggadochio.*

k For which he gave the women their *païks*, or a drubbing, as he durſt not *ding* or encounter any others.

FINIS.

Quod King James I.

The foregoing notes were written prior to the publication of Mr *Callender*'s edition of the poem of *Chriſt*'s *Kirk*, with which work the preſent ſcarcely interferes. The learned etymological reſearches of that gentleman tend to open a more important object to view, by endeavouring to trace our old Scottiſh language, and its parent the Anglo-Saxon, up to the radical and univerſal language of mankind, before their diſperſion from the plains of *Shinaar*. A very ample field, it muſt be confeſſed, for etymological learning.—The preſent humble eſſay aims only at the illuſtration of the ſenſe and deſign of *King James*'s *Poem.*

THE Scots poet *Allan Ramſay*, the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, has added two cantos to King *James*'s poem of *Chriſt*'s *Kirk of the Green*, in which he has, with a great deal of fancy and humour, carried on the ſtory from the end of the fray, where the King breaks off, by entering into the humours of a country wedding, with the frolics uſual on ſuch occaſional feſtivals. He adopts moſt of the characters introduced by the King in his poem, and it muſt be owned that he has carried them through with much mirth and drollery, though often not with decency. His humour, though highly comic and natural, is, however, different from the fine arch vein of pleaſantry which flows through the King's Poem.

Ramſay was a man of ſtrong natural, though few acquired parts, poſſeſſed of much humour, and native poetic fancy. Born in a paſtoral country, he had ſtrongly imbibed the manners and humours of that life. As I knew him well, an honeſt man,

and

and of great pleaſantry, it is with peculiar ſatisfaction I ſeize this opportunity of doing juſtice to his memory, in giving teſtimony to his being the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, which, for the natural eaſe of the dialogue, the propriety of the characters, perfectly ſimilar to the paſtoral life in Scotland, the pictureſque ſcenery, and, above all, the ſimplicity and beauty of the fable, may juſtly rank amongſt the moſt eminent paſtoral dramas that our own or any other nation can boaſt of. Merit will ever be followed by detraction. The envious tale, that the *Gentle Shepherd* was the joint compoſition of ſome wits with whom *Ramſay* converſed, is without truth. It might be ſufficient to ſay, that none of theſe gentlemen have left the ſmalleſt fragment behind them that can give countenance to ſuch a claim. While I paſſed my infancy at *Newhall*, near *Pentland Hills*, where the ſcenes of this paſtoral poem are laid, the ſeat of Mr *Forbes*, and the reſort of many of the *literati* at that time, I well remember to have heard *Ramſay* recite, as his own production, different ſcenes of the *Gentle Shepherd*, particularly the two firſt, before it was printed. I believe my honourable friend Sir *James Clerk of Pennycuik*, where *Ramſay* frequently reſided, and who I know is poſſeſſed of ſeveral original poems compoſed by him, can give the ſame teſtimony.

P. S.

P. S. The above note was ſhown to Sir *James Clerk*, and had his approbation. By the late death of that gentleman, not his friends only, but the Public, have loſt a valuable member of ſociety. To an innate goodneſs of heart, and ſimplicity of manners, was joined in him a ſuperior taſte in the fine arts; in architecture, ſculpture, painting, and muſic. *Pennycuik Houſe*, built from a plan deſigned by himſelf, is an illuſtration of the *ſimplex munditiis*, the plain and elegant ſtile in architecture. The diſpoſition of the grounds, the woods, lawns, water, and ornaments, are the reſult of a chaſte and elegant taſte, formed on the juſteſt rules.

—— *Servare modum, finemque tueri,*
Naturamque ſequi.

This ſmall tribute is due to his memory, from one whom he long honoured with his intimate friendſhip.

DISSERTATION

ON THE

SCOTTISH MUSIC.

DISSERTATION

ON THE

SCOTTISH MUSIC.

——Nugaeque Canorae.

Noſtras nec erubuit Silvas habitare Thalia.

VIRG.

THE genius of the Scots has, in every age, ſhone conſpicuous in Poetry and Muſic. Of the firſt, the Poems of *Oſſian*, compoſed in an age of rude antiquity, are ſufficient proof. The peeviſh doubt entertained by ſome of their authenticity, appears to be the utmoſt refinement of ſcepticiſm. As genuine remains of *Celtic* Poetry, the Poems of Oſſian will continue to be admired as long as there ſhall remain a taſte for the *ſublime and beautiful.*

The

The Scottiſh *Muſic* does no leſs honour to the genius of the country. The old Scottiſh ſongs have always been admired for the wild pathetic ſweetneſs which diſtinguiſhes them from the muſic of every other country. I mean, in this Eſſay, to try to fix the æra of our moſt ancient melodies, and to trace the hiſtory of our muſic down to modern times. In a path ſo untrodden, where ſcarce a track is to be ſeen to lead the way, the ſureſt guide I have to follow is the muſic itſelf, and a few authorities which our old hiſtorians afford us. After all, the utmoſt I aim at is probability; and, perhaps, by ſome hints, I may lead others to a more direct road.

From their artleſs ſimplicity, it is evident, that the Scottiſh melodies are derived from very remote antiquity. The vulgar conjecture, that *David Rizio* was either the compoſer or reformer of the Scottiſh ſongs, has of late been ſo fully expoſed, that I need ſay very little to confute it. That the ſcience of muſic was well underſtood, and that we had great maſters, both theoriſts and performers, above a century before Rizio came to Scotland, I ſhall immediately ſhow. He is by no contemporary writer ſaid to have been a compoſer. He is not even extolled as a great performer; nor does tradition

tradition point him out as the author of any one particular ſong; and, although we ſhould allow him to have had ability, the ſhort time he was in Scotland, ſcarce three years, was too buſy with him to admit of ſuch amuſement.—Let us endeavour to trace back our muſic to its origin.

The origin of muſic, in every country, is from the woods and lawns *.

The ſimplicity and wildneſs of ſeveral of our old Scottiſh melodies, denote them to be the production of a paſtoral age and country, and prior to the

* The riſe of muſic is ſo beautifully deſcribed by *Lucretius*, that the claſſical reader will excuſe the following quotation.

At liquidas avium voces imitarier ore
Ante fuit multo, quam laevia carmina cantu,
Concelebrare homines poſſent, aureiſque juvare:
Et zephyri cava per calamorum ſibila primum
Agreſteis docuere cavas inflare cicutas,
Inde minutatim dulceis didicere querelas,
Tibia quas fundit digitis pulſata canentûm,
Avia per nemora, ac ſilvas ſaltuſque reperta,
Per loca paſtorum deſerta, atque otia dia.

LUCRET. lib. 5.

the uſe of any muſical inſtrument beyond that of a very limited ſcale of a few natural notes, and prior to the knowledge of any rules of artificial muſic. This conjecture, if ſolid, muſt carry them up to a high period of antiquity.

The moſt ancient of the Scottiſh ſongs, ſtill preſerved, are extremely ſimple, and void of all art. They conſiſt of one meaſure only, and have no ſecond part, as the later or more modern airs have. They muſt, therefore, have been compoſed for a very ſimple inſtrument, ſuch as the ſhepherd's reed or pipe, of few notes, and of the plain *diatonic ſcale*, without uſing the ſemitones, or ſharps and flats. The diſtinguiſhing ſtrain of our old melodies is plaintive and melancholy; and what makes them ſoothing and affecting, to a great degree, is the conſtant uſe of the concordant tones, the third and fifth of the ſcale, often ending upon the fifth, and ſome of them on the ſixth of the ſcale. By this artleſs ſtandard ſome of our old Scottiſh melodies may be traced; ſuch as *Gil Morice—There cam a ghoſt to Marg'et's door—O laddie, I man loo' thee—Hap me wi' thy pettycoat*—I mean the old ſets of theſe airs, as the laſt air, which I take to be one of our oldeſt ſongs, is ſo modernized as ſcarce to have a trace of its ancient ſimplicity. The ſimple

original

original air is ſtill ſung by nurſes in the country, as a lullaby to ſtill their babes to ſleep. It may be ſaid, that the words of ſome of theſe ſongs denote them to be of no very ancient date: But it is well known, that many of our old ſongs have changed their original names, by being adapted to more modern words. Some old tunes have a ſecond part; but it is only a repetition of the firſt part on the higher octave; and theſe additions are probably of more modern date than the tunes themſelves.

That the ſcience of Muſic, and the rules of compoſition, were known amongſt us before the 15th century, is certain. *King James the Firſt* of Scotland is celebrated by all the Scottiſh hiſtorians, not only as an excellent performer, but as a great theoriſt in Muſic, and a compoſer of airs to his own verſes. 'Hic etenim in muſica (ſays *Fordun*) 'in artis perfectione, in tympano et choro, in pſal-'terio et organo, ad ſummae perfectionis magi-'ſterium, natura creatrix, ultra humanam aeſtima-'tionem, ipſum vivaciter decoravit.' *Scotichron. vol. 2. lib. 16. cap.* 28.—Fordun has a whole chapter, the 29th of his hiſtory, on King James's learning and knowledge in the ancient Greek, as well as in the more modern ſcales of muſic, which, for its curioſity,

ſity, is worthy to be read by the modern theoriſts in muſic.

The next authority is *John Major*, who celebrates King James I. as a poet, a compoſer, and admirable performer of muſic. Major affirms, that, in his time, the verſes and ſongs of that Prince were eſteemed amongſt the firſt of the Scottiſh melodies. I ſhall give the whole paſſage:

'In vernacula lingua artificioſiſſimus compoſitor; cujus codices plurimi, *et cantilenae*, *memoriter adhuc apud Scotos inter primos habentur.*—Artificioſam cantilenam (compoſuit) *Yas ſen*, &c. et jucundum artificioſumque illum cantum, *at Beltayn*, quem alii *de Dalketh* et *Gargeil* mutare ſtuduerunt, quia in arce, aut camera, clauſus ſervabatur, in qua mulier cum matre habitabat.'

It is a pity that neither the words nor the muſic of theſe celebrated ballads have come down to us. According to the hiſtorian, the laſt muſt have been full of humour, and extremely popular; his words may imply, that ſeveral parodies or imitations of the ſubject had been made, which time has likewiſe deprived us of.

Amongſt

Amongſt the number of our old Scottiſh melodies, it is, I think, ſcarce to be doubted, that many of King James's compoſitions, which were eſteemed amongſt *the firſt of the age*, are ſtill remaining, and make a part of our fineſt old melodies; but as no tradition down to our time has aſcertained them, they, in all probability, paſs undiſtinguiſhed under other names, and are adapted to modern words. There can be little doubt, however, that moſt of James's compoſitions have ſhared the ſame fate with many other old airs. Taſſoni, the Italian poet, as afterwards mentioned, ſays expreſsly, that 'King James compoſed many 'ſacred pieces of vocal muſic,' which are now loſt. All our old heroic ballads, ſuch as *Hardiknute*, and others, were undoubtedly ſung to *chants* compoſed for them, which are now loſt. Among thoſe ſtill preſerved, are the epiſodes of *Oſſian*, which are at this day ſung in the Highlands. *Gill Morrice—The Flowers of the Foreſt—Hero and Leander*, &c. are ſtill ſung to their original pathetic ſtrains. Theſe, however, are but a few of many old ballads whoſe airs are now unknown. In the MS. collection of Scottiſh Poems, made by Banatyne before the 1568, the donation of the Earl of Hyndford to the Advocates Library, at Edinburgh, the favourite poem, *The Cherry and the Slae*, and likewiſe

wife) a poem of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, father to the famous Secretary Maitland, are entitled, 'To be ſung to the tune of the *Banks of* '*Helicon*.' This muſt have been a well-known tune 200 years ago, as it was ſung to ſuch popular words; but it is now loſt. It cannot exiſt under other words, as the metrical ſtanza of the Cherry and the Slae is ſo particular, that I know no air at this day that could be adapted to it. We find alſo, in old books, many names of ſongs, yet neither of the verſes or tunes do we know any thing at this day. *Gavin Douglas*, in his prologue to the 12th Æneid, recites the beginning words of three well-known ſongs in his time, 1480, thus:

'The ſchip ſailis over the ſalt ſame,
'Will bring thir merchandis and my leman hame.'
——— 'I will be blyith and licht,
'My hert is lent upon ſa gudly wicht.'
——— 'I come hidder to wow.'

And, in the prologue to 13th Æneid,

——— 'The jolly day now dawis.'

In the ſame way a great many of King James I.'s poetical pieces are now loſt, or, perhaps, as his

his poem of *Chriſt's Kirk of the Green*, may erroneouſly be aſcribed to others.

It may be ſuſpected, from the above high-ſtrained authorities, that his countrymen have rather allowed themſelves to be carried too far in diſplaying the qualifications of their King. I ſhall, however, produce the teſtimony of a foreigner, a celebrated author, who does James ſtill more honour than the writers of his own country; and, ſingular as the propoſition may appear, I ſhall endeavour to prove, that the Scottiſh melodies, ſo far from being either invented or improved by an *Italian* maſter, were made the models of imitation in the fineſt vocal compoſitions of one of the greateſt maſters of compoſition in Italy.

The celebrated *Carlo Geſualdo*, Prince of Venoſa, formerly Venuſium, famous as the place of birth of Horace, flouriſhed about the middle or towards the end of the 16th century, and died in 1614. *Blancanus*, in his *Chronologia-Mathematicorum*, thus diſtinguiſhes him: 'The moſt noble Carolus 'Geſualdus, Prince of Venuſium, was the prince 'of muſicians of our age; he having recalled the '*Rythme.* into muſic, introduced ſuch a ſtile of

'modulation,

'modulation, that other muſicians yielded the pre-
'ference to him; and all ſingers and players on
'ſtringed inſtruments, laying aſide that of others,
'every where eagerly embraced his muſic *.'—He is alſo celebrated by Merſennus, Kircher, and almoſt all the writers of that age, as one of the moſt learned and greateſt compoſers of vocal muſic in his time.

To apply this account of the Prince of Venoſa to the preſent ſubject.—*Aleſſandro Taſſoni*, in his *Penſieri Diverſi*, lib. 10. thus expreſſes himſelf: 'We may reckon among us moderns *James King* 'of *Scotland*, who not only compoſed many *ſacred* 'pieces of vocal muſic, but alſo, of himſelf, *invent-* 'ed a new kind of muſic, plaintive and melancholy, 'different from all other; in which he has been 'imitated by Carlo Geſualdo, *Prince of Venoſa*, 'who in our age has improved muſic with new 'and admirable inventions †.'

How

* Sir J. Hawkins, vol. 3. p. 212.

† 'Noi ancora poſſiamo connumerar, tra noſtri, Jacopo 'Re di Scozia, che non pur *coſe ſacre compoſe in canto*, ma 'trova da ſe ſteſſo, una nuova muſica, *lamentevole e meſta*, 'differente da tutte l'altre. Nel che poi e ſtato imitato *da* 'Carlo

How perfectly characteriſtic, this, of the pathetic ſtrains of the old Scottiſh ſongs! What an illuſtrious teſtimony to their excellency!

Some of the Dilettanti, in the Italian muſic of the preſent times, may perhaps ſneer at being told, that the *Italians*, the reſtorers of muſic, owe the improvement of their muſic to the early introduction of Scottiſh melody into it: Yet nothing is more certain, not only from the candid acknowledgment of Taſſoni, but from the teſtimony of the Italian

'*Carlo Geſualdo, Principe di Venoſa*, che in queſta, noſtra eta 'ha illuſtrata anch' egli la muſica con nuove mirabili inven-'tioni.'—Let me here do juſtice to the reſtorer of this record, who, next to Taſſoni, deſerves the thanks of every Scotſman; I mean the late *Patrick Lord Elibank*: For although Taſſoni is well known as a poet, particularly by his celebrated *la ſeckia rapita*, the firſt of the modern mock heroic poems, yet his book *De Diverſi Penſieri*, though printed near two centuries ago, and containing a great deal of learned and curious obſervations, is but little known on this ſide of the Alps: And the above curious paſſage, which had ſo long eſcaped the notice of every Scotſman, might quietly have ſlept in the dark repoſe of great libraries, had not the penetrating reſearch of this learned Nobleman, about twenty years ago, produced it to light. From him I had a copy of that paſſage, ſince publiſhed by Sir John Hawkins.

Italian muſic itſelf before the Prince of Venoſa's time, as I ſhall attempt to illuſtrate.

It is at this day no longer a queſtion, that the art of compoſition in parts, or what is called *harmony*, is the invention of the moderns; but by whom invented, or at what particular aera, is not ſo clear. As the cultivation of modern muſic was chiefly among the eccleſiaſtics, on account of the church ſervices daily in uſe to be ſung by them, the rules of harmony undoubtedly took their riſe, and were improved among them. *Guido d'Arezzo*, a Benedictine monk, about the beginning of the eleventh century, is, by many authors, ſaid to have reformed the ſcale, by introducing the lines and the notation on them by points, inſtead of the letters of the alphabet, formerly in uſe; from which the name of *counterpoint*, for the art of compoſition in parts, is derived. From that period, it was by degrees improved, until it was brought to perfection in the golden age of the reſtoration of other polite arts and ſciences in Italy, the Pontificate of Leo X. At this time flouriſhed the *venerable Paleſtrina*, ſtiled the *father of harmony;* and in the ſame century, though later, the Prince of Venoſa, mentioned above. As the productions of a harmoniſt and thorough maſter of the art of counterpoint,

counterpoint, the compoſitions of Paleſtrina, even at this day, ſtrike us with admiration by their artful fugues, and the full and ſublime harmony of their parts. Nothing in the church ſtile, except the grandeur and loftineſs of the choruſes of the late great *Handel*, can exceed them: Yet, in one great point, the muſic of Paleſtrina is deficient. We may be entertained with the artful contrivance and learning of a well wrought *fugue*, or elevated by the harmony of a full choir of voices, yet ſtill melody or air is wanting in the muſic of the venerable Paleſtrina. To any perſon verſant in the compoſitions of the great maſters of harmony in Paleſtrina's time, there will appear the ſame ſtile, artful contrivance, and learning, running through every ſpecies of their compoſitions; their *maſſa's*, *motetti*, *madrigals*, and *canons*. The harmony is full, but they are deficient in melody *.

* Although Paleſtrina is with propriety ſtiled the Father of Harmony in Italy, as, by the ſolemn grandeur of his harmony, and fine contrivances, he certainly carried the art of counterpoint far beyond any thing known before the age of Leo X. yet it is but juſtice to ſay, that harmonic compoſition flouriſhed in ſeveral parts of Europe beſides Italy, and that there exiſted ſeveral eminent maſters, even before the time of Paleſtrina. *Lewis Guicciardin*, (nephew of Francis,

I do not remember to have ſeen any cantata, or ſong for a ſingle voice, of the age of Paleſtrina. The

Francis, the hiſtorian) who was contemporary with Paleſtrina, and died before him in 1589, as cited by *Abbé de Bos*, in his Critical Reflections, gives a liſt of ſeveral eminent Flemiſh compoſers; and adds, that, in his time, it was the practice in the Netherlands, and had been a cuſtom there of long ſtanding, to furniſh Europe with muſicians. The old church ſervices, that had long been in uſe both in England and Scotland, ſeveral of which ſtill exiſt, are ſolid proofs of the profound knowledge of our old compoſers in counterpoint, before the time of Paleſtrina. The church ſervices of *Marbeck*, and of *Tallis*, who was organiſt to Henry VIII. are original and learned, and abound in fine harmony. *Geminiani*, that great muſical genius, on hearing *Tallis*'s anthem, '*I call and cry*,' is ſaid to have exclaimed, in rapture, 'The man who made this muſt have been inſpi-'red!' No leſs eminent was *Birde*, the ſcholar of Tallis, and ſeveral others mentioned by *Morley*, in his Introduction to Practical Muſic, in the number of which Morley himſelf may be ranked. From that time a continued ſucceſſion of very eminent compoſers in the church ſtile, through the reigns of Queen Eliſabeth, King James, and Charles I. have flouriſhed.—To digreſs a little on the ſubject of the Engliſh muſic. The ſcience of muſic, from the earlieſt ages, appears to have been patroniſed by the Kings of England; hence the ſtudy of muſic became a branch of education, through every rank, from the Prince downwards, inſomuch that the gentleman who had not been taught muſic was judged

The Italian muſic for private entertainment, at that time, ſeems to have been the *madrigal*, uſually

 compoſed

judged to be deficient in his education. *Morley*, whoſe excellent book was printed in 1597, mentioning, in his introductory dialogue, in what univerſal uſe and reputation ſkill in muſic was then held, makes *Philomathes* thus ſpeak: 'Being at a banquet, ſupper being ended, and muſic-books, 'according to cuſtom, brought to table, the miſtreſs of the 'houſe preſented me with a part, earneſtly intreating me 'to ſing; but when, after many excuſes, I proteſted unfeignedly that I could not, every one began to wonder, 'yea ſome whiſpered to others, demanding how I was 'brought up.'—In *Peacham*'s *Complete Gentleman*, a book held in great eſteem in the reign of *James* I. the author requires of his gentleman 'to be able to ſing his part ſure, 'and at ſight, and withal to play the ſame on the viol or 'lute.'—In the following reign of *King Charles* I. both the knowledge and practice of muſic continued to be univerſal.—In *Walton*'s *Complete Angler*, a book which contains many curious facts and critical obſervations relating to the times, the learned and ingenious annotator, Sir John Hawkins, mentions the following:—'In an old book of *enigma*'s, the ſolution of one of them is a *barber*, who is repreſented by a 'wooden cut as ſhaving a perſon, while another, who is 'waiting for his turn, is playing on a lute, and on the wall 'hangs another lute or cittern.' This fact, ſays the annotator, explains a paſſage in *Ben Johnſon*'s *Silent Woman*, which none of his editors ſeem to have underſtood. *Moroſe*, in Act 3. Scene 5. cries out, 'That curſed barber! I have

'married

compoſed for ſome favourite ſtanza or love verſes of Petrarcha, Arioſto, or Taſſo, commonly in the *fugue*

'married his *cittern*, that's common to all men.' His editors Upton and Whaley, not underſtanding the manners of the time when Ben Johnſon wrote, read the above, 'his *ci-*'*ſtern* or reſervoir.'—The muſic cultivated for private entertainment, at that time, was the Madrigal and Glee, in three or more parts, many of which ſtill continue to be ſung in ſeveral ſocieties of vocal muſic. Their harmony is good, though generally languid and deficient in air.—The time was now at hand, when the triumph of harmony was to ceaſe in England. The purity of the times would not admit of ſo ſuperſtitious an appendage to devotion, as muſic: When the *Book of Common Prayer*, of *Thankſgivings*, and *Praiſes to God*, was *condemned* by the meeting of *Weſtminſter Divines*, as '*a great hindrance to the preaching of the word**,' the choral church ſervice, of courſe, was expelled. The Pſalms of David made a narrow eſcape: To ſtrip them, however, of any pretence to muſic, it was enjoined the miniſter or clerk, 'to read the pſalm, line by line, before 'the ſinging thereof.' In conformity with theſe ordinances, the Parliament, 4th January 1644-5, repealed the ſtatutes of Edward VI. and Queen Eliſabeth, for uniformity in the *Common Prayer*, and ordained the ſame to be *aboliſhed* and *diſuſed* in every church and chapel throughout England and Wales. To follow out theſe ordinances, the organs were removed from the churches; and to put an end to the ſtudy as

* Neal's Hiſt. of the Puritans.—Nov. 1644.

fugue ſtile, and of three or four parts. The madrigal, when ſung by proper voices, is ſoothing and

as well as practice of church muſic and harmony, the choral ſervice-books were zealouſly collected together and deſtroyed. The painted glaſs windows, as favouring of idolatry, were broken down. It was well the churches themſelves eſcaped demolition. The cathedral of St Paul's and other churches were converted into barracks and horſe-quarters, and the porticoes were leaſed out for ſhops. Where had the muſe of Milton now taken flight, who thus exclaims?

O! let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious cloyſters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars maſſy proof,
And *ſtoried windows* richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light;
There let the *pealing organ* blow
To the *full-voic'd choir* below,
In ſervice high and anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs through mine ear
Diſſolve me into extaſies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

Il Penſeroſo.

Happily the reign of fanaticiſm was ſhort. The year 1660 reſtored the liturgy, and with it re-eſtabliſhed the choral church ſervice, with the organs and choriſters. The Italian opera had been eſtabliſhed from the beginning of the century in Italy, and had now found its way into France.

Melody,

and pleaſant; but, wanting air, ſoon becomes languid and dull: A certain proof, this, that the muſic

Melody, in the ſongs for a ſingle voice, with the recitative and chorus, attended with inſtrumental accompaniments, were novelties which began to be adopted by the Engliſh compoſers. On the Reſtoration, by the opening of the theatres, with muſic as their attendant, the national taſte became much improved. Into the ſolemn, rigid, harmonic ſtile, a mixture of air and melody was introduced. The canon, the madrigal, and glee gave way to airs for a ſingle voice, duets, and catches, more ſuited to the convivial taſte of the Engliſh. In the number of the old organiſts and chapel-maſters, ſeveral fine compoſers appeared. Muſical interludes were introduced into the old plays of Shakeſpear, and Beaumont and Fletcher. *Matthew Lock*, a choriſter originally, and the compoſer of ſome fine anthems, ſet to muſic recitatives and ſongs for the incantation ſcenes of the witches in *Macbeth*, which for the expreſſion of the words, particularly in the firſt recitative, '*Speak, ſiſter! ſpeak!*' and the ſolemnity and ſweetneſs of the ſongs, and fullneſs of the chorus, may at this day be eſteemed fine compoſitions.—*Michael Wiſe*, beſides his anthems, which are excellent, compoſed ſome good duets and catches: His two-part ſong, *Old Chiron*, is well known.—*Purcell* next appeared; one of the greateſt muſical geniuſes that England or any nation, either before or ſince his time, can boaſt of. Purcell was fond of the Italian muſic; and in that which he compoſed for the theatre, he certainly formed his taſte on it. In his ſongs there is a mixture of recitative; but the recitative of Purcell (as Lock's before him)

ſic of Italy, at the above time, was altogether artificial and harmonic; and that *melody*, the ſoul of muſic,

him) exceeds in melody that of the Italian, which is often dry, and unvaried. In his cantata, '*From roſie bowers*,' the firſt recitative cannot be exceeded, either for melody or expreſſion. In judging, however, between the Italian ſtage-muſic, and that of the Engliſh at this time, we muſt conſider, that the Italian recitative, in their opera's, was meant to expreſs a ſort of muſical diſcourſe, with proper regard to emphaſis and cadence, without running into ſong, which in its part was kept diſtinct from any mixture of recitative. The Engliſh ſtage-muſic, or that of the interludes introduced into plays, was confined under no ſuch ſtrict rules; and, therefore, where the ſubject or words required expreſſion, a mixture of recitative and air was agreeable and pleaſing to an Engliſh ear. This ſeems to be the taſte, very properly adopted by the Engliſh compoſers for the ſtage, at this time. The genius of Purcell was univerſal. For ſublimity and grandeur in the church ſtile, his *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* will keep their rank while any taſte for church muſic ſhall remain: For his ſtage-muſic, conſiſting of ſingle-voice ſongs or cantatas, and ſongs of two and three parts, they are well known. His moſt applauded, are thoſe made for *Dryden*'s King Arthur, the Tempeſt, Indian Queen, and Oedipus. That fine collection, the *Orpheus-Britannicus*, which contains moſt of his ſtage-ſongs, is in the hands of every lover of muſic. His love-ſongs are pathetic and tender, and finely varied; and his martial ſongs are moſt animating and ſpirited. His two-part ſong in the tragedy of Bonduca, '*To*

'*arms!*'

muſic, was not then regarded or cultivated. Harmony, and the art of compoſition in parts, it muſt be confeſſed, is one of the nobleſt of the modern inventions: That a fondneſs, however, for that only, to almoſt the total neglect or excluſion of air and melody in muſic, ſhould have univerſally prevailed at

'*arms!*' and '*Britons, ſtrike home!*' is one of many which might be mentioned. He was the firſt who introduced the trumpet as an accompaniment to his ſongs. I have been told by a perſon, who was well acquainted with Handel, that, on hearing one of Purcell's ſongs, accompanied by Grano on the trumpet, that great maſter was ſo fond of it, that, in his opera of *Rinaldo*, the firſt which he compoſed in England, he made the ſong '*Hor la tromba*' for Grano, one of the fineſt trumpet ſongs that ever was compoſed, or perhaps ever will be compoſed, as that noble, martial inſtrument is now neglected and laid aſide, as too manly for the ſoft manners of the age! Indeed, the whole opera of Rinaldo is excellent, notwithſtanding the ridicule of the Spectator, which, by the bye, does not affect the muſic.—To conclude: If we are to look for a good national taſte in muſic, at any time, in England, I imagine it muſt be in the compoſitions of Purcell, and his contemporaries Lock, Wiſe, Blow, &c. To ſpeak of the merit of the preſent theatrical muſic in England, would be raſh: I ſhall, therefore, here conclude this digreſſion, which, in an eſſay on ſo deſultory a ſubject as muſic, will, I hope, be excuſed.

at this time in Italy, is a remarkable fact *. We ſhall further illuſtrate this from another hiſtorical fact in the annals of muſic.

The *Opera*, that noble and elegant ſpecies of the muſical drama, now ſo much improved and eſtabliſhed in moſt of the theatres in Europe, and which chiefly conſiſts in *airs* for a *ſingle voice*, with inſtrumental accompaniments, was not known in Paleſtrina's or the Prince of Venoſa's time. It was firſt introduced in the beginning of the ſeventeenth century. The dramatic poem of *Euridice*, made by *Ottavio Rinuncini*, a Florentine poet, was ſet to muſic by *Jacopo Peri*, who, on that occaſion, invented the *recitativo*, or muſical diſcourſe. The opera of Euridice was firſt repreſented on the theatre at Florence in the year 1600, on occaſion of the marriage of Mary of Medicis with King Henry IV. of France. What appears moſt remarkable, ſo much was harmonic compoſition univerſally

* It is curious to obſerve, that the ſtate of muſic in England, at the ſame period, appears to have been preciſely ſimilar to that in Italy, that is, purely harmonic, as may be ſeen from the compoſitions of Marbeck, Tallis, Birde, &c.; and, after them, of Henry Lawes, Lanere, and Campion, down to the Reſtoration.

ſally eſtabliſhed, that, in the above opera, there is not one air or ſong for a ſingle voice. The whole opera conſiſts of *ductti*, *terzetti*, *cori*, and *recitativo*. —To return to my ſubject:

In the above ſtate of muſic in Italy, we may ſuppoſe the Scottiſh melodies of King James I. had found their way into that country. Is it, then, to be wondered at, that ſuch a genius as the Prince of Venoſa ſhould be ſtruck with the genuine ſimplicity of ſtrains which ſpoke directly to the heart, and that he ſhould imitate and adopt ſuch new and affecting melodies, which he found wanting in the muſic of his own country? The ſweet, natural, and plaintive ſtrains of the old ſong *Waly waly up the bank—Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion—Be conſtant ay*—and many other of our old ſongs about that age, muſt touch the heart of every genius, of whatever country, and might enrich the compoſitions of the greateſt foreign maſter.

Purpureus læte qui ſplendeat unus et alter
Adſuitur pannus. HOR.

I hope we ſhall no longer hear the abſurd tale, that the Scottiſh muſic was either invented or improved

proved by an *Italian*, when we ſee it proved, by ſo great an authority as *Taſſoni*, that the Scottiſh melodies, above two centuries ago, and in *his time*, had been adopted into the fineſt vocal compoſitions of one of the greateſt maſters and reformers of Italian muſic, the *Prince of Venoſa*.—To return to the Scottiſh ſongs:

It cannot be doubted, that, under ſuch a genius in poetry and muſic as King James I. the national muſic muſt have greatly improved. One great ſtep to the improvement of the ſcience of muſic, was the introduction of *organs*, by that Prince, into the cathedrals and abbies of Scotland, and, of courſe, the eſtabliſhment of a choral ſervice of church muſic. We have ſeen, that he had compoſed ſeveral anthems, or vocal pieces of *ſacred muſic* *, which ſhews, that his ſkill in the ſcientific parts of muſic muſt have been very high; and he eſtabliſhed a full choir of ſingers in the church ſervice, which was brought by him to ſuch a degree of perfection, as to fall little ſhort of the Engliſh †,

* Che coſe ſacre compoſe in canto. *Taſſoni.*

† *Divinus Cultus*, hoc rege, decentibus, mirum in modum, ornatus eſt ceremoniis, *Introducto novo cantandi ritu muſico*: Qua in arte ipſe plurimum pollebat, viroſque domi

in

who, at that time, were thought to excel all other nations in church muſic.

King James is ſaid to have been a fine performer on the lute and harp, with which he accompanied his own ſongs *. Playing on theſe inſtruments muſt, by the Prince's example, have become faſhionable; and, of courſe, a more regular and refined modulation in the Scottiſh ſongs muſt have been introduced. The ſimple ſcale of the pipe, by the introduction of the ſtringed inſtruments, became, in conſequence, much enlarged, not only by a greater extent of notes, but by the diviſion of them into ſemitones.

The

in ea peritiſſimos alebat. Inſuper quae vocant organa qualia nunc ſunt, antea enim veteribus et neſcio an ſatis, ad ſacram harmoniam, accommodis cantibus utebantur, tum primum per eum in Scotiam ſunt adducta. Tantum vero quidam noſtrates ea in re brevi proficeri, ut Anglos (quos aiunt reliquis nationibus hac in arte anteferri) haudquaquam deinceps inferiores haberentur. *Boeth. Hiſt. lib.* 17.—A noble and irrefragable teſtimony, this, of the eſtabliſhment and excellency of church muſic in England and Scotland, in the time of King *Henry* VI. and *James* I.; that is, a century before *Paleſtrina*.

* In ſono vocis, et in tactu Citharae (natura) dulciter et dilectabiliter illum praedotavit. *Fordun, vol.* 2. *c.* 28.

The great aera of poetry, as of muſic, in Scotland, I imagine to have been from the beginning of the reign of King James I. down to the end of King James V's. * The old cathedrals and abbeys, thoſe venerable monuments of Gothic grandeur, with the choriſters belonging to them, according to the ſplendour of their ritual church ſervice, were ſo many ſchools or ſeminaries for the cultivation of muſic. It muſt be owned, however, that, altho' the ſcience of harmonic muſic was cultivated by the church compoſers, yet as the merit of the church muſic, at that time, conſiſted in its harmony only, the fine flights and pathetic expreſſion of our ſongs could borrow nothing from thence.

This was likewiſe the aera of chivalry: The feudal ſyſtem was then in its full vigour.

The Scottiſh nobility, poſſeſſed of great eſtates, hereditary juriſdictions, and a numerous vaſſalage, maintained, in their remote caſtles, a ſtate and ſplendour

* Within this aera flouriſhed *Gavin Douglas*, Biſhop of Dunkeld, whoſe excellent tranſlation of Virgil's Æneis may compare with Chaucer, the firſt poet of that age; *Bellenden*, arch-dean of Murray; *Dunbar*, *Henryſon*, *Scott*, *Montgomery*, *Sir D. Lindſay*, and many others, whoſe fine poems have been preſerved in Banatyne's excellent collection, of which ſeveral have been publiſhed by Allan Ramſay, in his *Evergreen*.

dour little inferior to the court of their kings. Upon ſolemn occaſions, *tilts* and *tournaments* were proclaimed, and *feſtivals* held with all the Gothic grandeur and magnificence of *chivalry*, which drew numbers of knights and dames to theſe ſolemnities.—Thus the poetic, the ſublime *Warton!*

> Illumining the vaulted roof,
> A thouſand torches flam'd aloof,
> From maſſy cups, with golden gleam,
> Sparkled the red Metheglin's ſtream:
> To grace the gorgeous feſtival,
> Along the lofty windowed hall,
> The ſtoried tapeſtry was hung,
> *With minſtrelſy* the rafters rung;
> *Of harps*, that, with reflected light,
> From the proud gallery glittered bright.
> To crown the banquet's ſolemn cloſe,
> Themes of *Britiſh* glory roſe;
> And, to the ſtrings of various chime,
> Attempered the *heroic* rime.
>
> ODE *on the Grave of King Arthur.*

James IV. and V. were both of them magnificent Princes: They kept ſplendid courts, and were great promoters of thoſe heroic entertainments *.

In

* Pitſcottie's Hiſtory of James IV. Leſlie, &c.

We have two fine pictures of theſe Princes by two very eminent maſters, which I cannot reſiſt the pleaſure of exhibiting in this place.

The

In the family of every chief, or head of a clan, the *Bard* was a very conſiderable perſon: His office, upon ſolemn feaſts, was to ſing or rehearſe the ſplendid actions of the heroes, anceſtors of the family, which he accompanied with the harp. At this time, too, there were *itinerant* or *ſtrolling minſtrels*, performers on the harp, who went about the country, from houſe to houſe, upon ſolemn occaſions, reciting *heroic ballads*, and other popular epiſodes.

Theſe *wandering harpers* are mentioned thus by *Major*: ‘ *In Cithara, Hibernenſes aut ſilveſtres* ‘ *Scoti,*

The *learned Eraſmus* thus deſcribes King James IV. ‘ *E-* ‘ *rat ea corporis ſpecie, ut vel procul Regem poſſes agnoſcere, in-* ‘ *genii vis mira, incredibilis omnium rerum cognitio.*’

The French poet *Ronſard*, who came to Scotland with the Princeſs Magdalene, wife to James V. and was an officer in the King's houſehold, gives the following beautiful deſcription of that Prince:

Ce Roy d'Ecoſſe etoit en la fleur de ſes ans,
Ces cheveux non tondu comme fin or linſans.
Cordonez et creſpez, flotans deſſu ſa face;
Et, par ſon col de lait, lui donoit de bon grace.
Son Port etoit Royal, ſon regard vigoreux,
De vertus, et de honneur et de guerre amoureux.
La douceur, et la force, illuſtroient ſon viſage,
Si que VENUS *et* MARS *en avoient fait partage.*

'*Scoti, qui in illa arte praecipui ſunt.*'—To theſe ſylvan minſtrels, I imagine we are indebted for many fine old ſongs, which are more varied in their melody, and more regular in their compoſition, as they approach nearer to modern times, though ſtill retaining 'their wood-notes wild.*'

To

* To frame an idea of the heaven-born genius of the ancient minſtrel or wandering harper, in a rude age, ſee Dr Beattie's fine poem, the *Minſtrel*, Part I.

——Song was his favourite, and firſt purſuit,
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languiſh'd to his breath the plaintive flute;
His infant muſe, though artleſs, was not mute.——

Meanwhile, whate'er of *beautiful*, or *new*,
Sublime, or *dreadful*, in earth, ſea, or ſky,
By chance or ſearch, was offered to his view,
He ſcanned with curious and romantic eye,
Whate'er of lore tradition could ſupply,
From Gothic tale, or ſong, or fable old,
Rous'd him, ſtill keen to liſten, and to pry;
At laſt, though long by penury controll'd,
And ſolitude, his ſoul her graces 'gan unfold.

Minſtrel, Part I.

The laſt of theſe ſtrolling harpers was *Rory* or *Roderick Dall*, who, about fifty years ago, was well known and much careſſed by the Highland gentry, whoſe houſes he frequented. His chief reſidence was about Blair in Athole and Dunkeld.

To the wandering harpers we are certainly indebted for that ſpecies of muſic, which is now ſcarcely known; I mean *the Port*. Almoſt every great family had a *Port* that went by the name of the family. Of the few that are ſtill preſerved are, *Port Lennox*, *Port Gordon*, *Port Seton*, and *Port Athole*, which are all of them excellent in their kind. The *Port* is not of the martial ſtrain of the *march*, as ſome have conjectured; thoſe above named being all in the plaintive ſtrain, and modulated for the harp.

The *Pibrach*, the march or battle-tune of the *Highland Clans*, with the different ſtrains introduced of the *coronich*, &c. is fitted for the *bagpipe* only: Its meaſure, in the *pas grave* of the *Highland piper*, equipped with his flag and military enſigns, when marching up to battle, is ſtately and animating, riſing often to a degree of fury.

To claſs the old Scottiſh ſongs, according to the ſeveral aeras in which we may ſuppoſe them to have been made, is an attempt which can ariſe to conjecture only, except as to ſuch of them as carry more certain marks, to be afterwards taken notice of.

Of

Dunkeld. He was eſteemed a good compoſer, and a fine performer on the harp, to which he ſung in a pathetic manner. Many of his ſongs are preſerved in that country.

Of our moſt ancient melodies, I have, in the beginning of this eſſay, given a few, ſuch as *Gil Morrice*, &c. with what I imagine to be the ſignatures of their antiquity. To what aera theſe can be referred, I do not pretend to ſay: My conjecture, however, is, that, from their artleſs ſimplicity, they belong to an age prior to James I. The inveſtigation of other pieces of our oldeſt muſic, by the ſame ſtandard, may be an agreeable amuſement to the curious.

From the genius of King James, his profound ſkill in the principles of muſic, and great performance on the harp, we may eſteem him the inventor and reformer of the Scottiſh vocal muſic. Of his age (ſome of them very probably of his compoſition) may be reckoned the following ſimple, plaintive, and antient melodies: *Jocky and Sandie —Waly waly up the bank—Ay waking Oh!—Be conſtant ay—Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion.*

From theſe, by an inſenſible gradation, we are led to what I conjecture may be called the *ſecond epoch* of our ſongs, that is, from the beginning of the reign of *King James IV. James V.* and to the end of that of *Queen Mary*, within which period may be reckoned the following ſongs, the old tragic ballads

lads *Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny bride*, and *Hero and Leander—Willie's rair and Willie's fair—Cromlet's Lilt—The Flowers of the Foreſt—Gilderoy—Balow my boy—The Gaberlunye Man—The bonnie Earle of Murray—Leeder Haughs in Yarow—Abſence will never alter me—Tak' your auld cloak about ye*—and the old melody lately revived, called *Queen Mary's Lamentation*, which, I am well aſſured, belongs to, and bears the ſignatures of that age. In the preceding airs, beſides a more varied melody, there is likewiſe an artful degree of modulation, obſervable in ſeveral of them, in the introduction of the ſeventh of the key, as in *Waly Waly—The Flowers of the Foreſt—Queen Mary's Lament—The bonny Earle of Murray*. This ſtrain is peculiarly characteriſtic of the ancient Scottiſh ſongs, and has a fine pathetic effect, which muſt give pleaſure to the moſt refined ear. As, in the foregoing obſervation, it is remarked by Taſſoni, on the new-invented muſic of King James I. that it '*was plaintive and melancholly, and different from all other muſic**,' it may, with probability, be conjectured, from James's ſkill and maſterly performance on the ſtringed inſtruments, that this peculiar ſtrain, of the ſeventh of the key, may have been

 firſt

* Il trouva da ſe ſteſſo, un nuova muſica, lamentevole e meſta, *differente da tutte l'altre*.

firſt invented and introduced into our old muſic by that Prince.

In the third aera, which comprehends the ſpace of time from Queen Mary to the Reſtoration, may be claſſed the following ſongs, *Through the lang muir I followed my Willie—Pinky Houſe—Etrick Banks—I'll never leave thee—The Broom of Couden-knows—Down the burn Davie—Auld Rob Morris—Where Helen lies—Fie on the wars—Thro' the wood, laddie—Fie let us a' to the wedding—Muirland Willie.*

From theſe we are led to the laſt aera, that is, from the *Reſtoration, to the Union.* Within this period, from their more regular meaſure and more modern air, we may almoſt, with certainty, pronounce the following fine ſongs to have been made, *An' thou wert mine ain thing—O dear minnie, what ſal I do—The buſh aboon Traquair—The laſt time I came o'er the moor—Mary Scot, the flower of Yarow—The bonny boatman—Sae merry as we ha' been—My dearie an' thou die—She roſe and let me in—My apron, dearie—Love is the cauſe of my mourning—Allan water—There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee—The Highland laddie—Bonny Jean of Aberdeen—The laſs of Patie's mill—The yellow-hair'd laddie—John Hay's bonny laſſie—Tweed-ſide—Lochaber.*

We

We are not, however, to imagine, that, from this laſt period, the genius of Scottiſh muſic had taken flight: That is not the caſe. Indeed, the number of Scottiſh ſongs has of late not much increaſed; it, nevertheleſs, is true, that, ſince that laſt period, ſeveral fine ſongs have been made, which will ſtand the teſt of time. Amongſt theſe are, *The birks of Invermay—The banks of Forth—Roſlin Caſtle—The braes of Ballendine.* The two laſt were compoſed by Oſwald, whoſe genius in compoſition, joined to his taſte in the performance of the Scottiſh muſic, was natural and pathetic.

In thus claſſing the ſongs, as above, it is obvious, that no fixed or certain rules can be preſcribed. Some of theſe old ſongs, it is true, aſcertain of themſelves the preciſe aera to which they belong; ſuch as, *The flowers of the Foreſt*, compoſed on the fatal battle of *Flowden*, where the gallant *James* IV. and the flower of the Scottiſh nobility and gentry fell;—*The Souters of Selkirk*, compoſed * on the ſame occaſion;—*Gilderoy*, made on the

* This ballad is founded on the following incident:—Previous to the battle of Flowden, the town-clerk of Selkirk conducted a band of eighty *ſouters*, or ſhoemakers, of that town, who joined the royal army; and the town-clerk, in reward

the death of a famous outlaw hanged by James V.; —*Queen Mary's Lament*;—*The bonny Erle of Murray*, ſlain by Huntlie in 1592. In general, however, in making thoſe arrangements, beſides the characters which I have mentioned, as I know of no other diſtinguiſhing marks for a fixed ſtandard, the only rule I could follow was to ſelect a few of the moſt undoubted ancient melodies, ſuch as may be ſuppoſed to be the production of the ſimpleſt inſtrument, of the moſt limited ſcale, as the ſhepherd's reed; and thence to trace them gradually downward, to more varied, artful, and regular modulations, the compoſitions of more poliſhed manners and times, and ſuitable to inſtruments of a more extended ſcale.

If, in following this plan, I have been ſucceſsful, it will afford entertainment to a muſical genius, to trace the ſimple ſtrains of our rude anceſtors through

reward of his loyalty, was created a Knight-banneret by that Prince. They fought gallantly, and were moſt of them cut off. A few who eſcaped, found on their return, in the foreſt of Lady-wood edge, the wife of one of their brethren lying dead, and her child ſucking her breaſt. Thence the town of Selkirk obtained, for their arms, a woman ſitting upon a ſarcophagus, holding a child in her arms; in the back-ground a wood; and on the ſarcophagus the arms of Scotland.

through different ages, from King James I. who truly may be ſtiled the Father of the Scottiſh ſongs, ſo diſtinguiſhed from the muſic of every other country, progreſſively downwards, to modern times. This, to a muſical genius, may afford the ſame amuſement it has given to me, in conſidering the melodies thus ſelected and arranged, trying them by the ſignatures above pointed out, and adding others to the above number.

A ſecond point I alſo had in view: It was, from the number of our Scottiſh ſongs, to ſelect a few of thoſe which I imagine to be the fineſt, and moſt diſtinguiſhed, for originality of air, agreeable modulation, and expreſſion of the ſubject for which they have been compoſed. Upon a review of theſe airs, thus far I may venture to ſay, that, for genuine flight of fancy, pleaſing variety, and originality, they will ſtand the teſt of compariſon with the muſic of any country, and afford entertainment to the moſt refined taſte.

I have hinted that our Scottiſh ſongs owe nothing to the *church-muſic* of the cathedrals and abbeys before the Reformation; for, although muſic made a conſiderable part of the ritual church-ſervice, yet, from ſome of their books, which have eſcaped

eſcaped the rage of the Reformers, we find their muſic to have conſiſted entirely of harmonic compoſitions, of four, five, often of ſix, ſeven, and eight parts, all in ſtrict counterpoint. Such were perfectly ſuitable to the ſolemnity of religious worſhip; and, when performed by a full choir of voices, accompanied by the organ, muſt undoubtedly have had a ſolemn and awful effect upon a mind diſpoſed to devotion. Church-muſic has nothing to do with the paſſions. The ſtile of ſuch compoſition is to calm the mind, and inſpire devotion, ſuitable to the majeſty of that *Being* to whom it is addreſſed. Nothing, however, can be more oppoſite than ſuch harmonic compoſitions to the genius of love-ſongs, which conſiſt in the ſimple melody of one ſingle part.

It is a common tradition, that, in ridicule of the cathedral-ſervice, ſeveral of their hymns were, by the wits among the Reformed, burleſqued, and ſung as profane ballads. Of this there is ſome remaining evidence. The well-known tunes of *John come kiſs me now*—*Kind Robin lo'es me*—and *John Anderſon my jo*—are ſaid to be of that number.

At the eſtabliſhment of the Reformation, one of the firſt pious works of the Reformed clergy was,

to

to tranſlate, into Scottiſh metre, the Pſalms of David, and to introduce them into the kirks, to be ſung to the old church-tunes. John Knox's book of pſalms, called *The Common Tunes*, is ſtill extant, and ſung in the churches, and conſiſts of four parts; a treble, tenor, counter-alt, and baſs. The harmony of theſe tunes is learned and full, and proves them to be the work of very able maſters in the counterpoint.

In order, however, to enlarge the pſalmody, the clergy ſoon after were at pains to tranſlate, into Scottiſh metre, ſeveral parts of ſcripture, and ſome old Latin hymns, and other pieces. At the ſame time, as they had no objections to the old muſic, they made an effort to reclaim ſome of thoſe tunes from the profane ballads into which they had been burleſqued, and ſung by the vulgar.

A collection of theſe pieces was printed at Edinburgh about the 1590, by Andro Hart, in old Saxon, or black letter, under the title of, *A compendious book of godly and ſpirituall ſongs, collectit out of ſundry parts of the ſcripture, with ſundrie of other ballats, changed out of prophaine ſanges*, for avoiding of ſinne and harlotrie, *&c.*

Amongſt

Amongſt theſe ballads, *John come kiſs me now* makes his appearance; ſtripped indeed of his *prophane dreſs*, which had promoted *ſinne and harlotrie;* but, in exchange, ſo ſtrangely equipped in his *penitential habit*, as to make a more ridiculous figure than his brother Jack, in the *Tale of a Tub*. As a curioſity, I ſhall give two or three of the ſtanzas of this new-converted godly ballad.

John come kiſs me now,
John come kiſs me now,
John come kiſs me by and by,
And mak na mair adow.

The Lord thy God I am,
That (John) does thee call
John, repreſents man,
By grace celeſtial.

My prophets call, my preachers cry,
John come kiſs me now,
John come kiſs me by and by,
And mak na mair adow.

'To laugh were want of godlineſs and grace,
'And to be grave exceeds all power of face.'

POPE.

What a ſtrange medley of canting abſurdity and nonſenſe! Such ſhocking indecent familiarity, under the name of Devotion! This was the leven, which,

which, fermenting into that wild ſpirit of fanaticiſm in the following age, involved the nation in blood, and overturned the ſtate of the three kingdoms. Of this leven, from ſome late appearances, there is reaſon to apprehend that too much ſtill remains amongſt us. To proceed:

If the other tunes, preſerved of the old church-muſic, were in the ſame ſtile of *John come kiſs me now*, our fine old melodies, I think, could borrow nothing from them.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay with a few obſervations on the Scottiſh ſongs.

The Scottiſh melodies contain ſtrong expreſſion of the paſſions, particularly of the melancholy kind; in which the air often finely correſponds to the ſubject of the ſong. In this, I conjecture, the excellency of the ancient Greek muſic conſiſted, of which we are told ſuch wonderful effects. The Greek muſicians were alſo poets, who accompanied their own verſes on the harp. Such, likewiſe, was the Saxon Alfred; and in the ſame light we may ſee our James I. who both of them accompanied their own poems on the lute or harp. Terpander is ſaid to have compoſed muſic for the Iliad of Ho-

mer; Timotheus played and ſung his own lyrical poems; and the poet Simonides his own elegies:

'Quid moeſtius lacrymis Simonidis!'

exclaims Catullus; and, inſpired with the genius of muſic, in this fine apoſtrophe, cries out our great poet!

And, O ſad Virgin, could thy power,
But raiſe Muſeus from his bower!
Or bid the ſoul of Orpheus ſing,
Such notes as warbled on the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made *hell* grant what *love* did ſeek.

Let us acknowledge the excellency of the Greek muſic; yet as the principles of harmony, or compoſition in parts, ſeem not to have been known to them, at leaſt as far as has yet been diſcovered, this excellency of their muſic muſt have reſulted from the natural melody of their airs, expreſſive of the words to which they were adapted. In this light, therefore, we may run a parallel between the ancient Greek muſic and our Scottiſh melodies; and, in ſpite of the prejudiced fondneſs which we are apt to conceive in favour of the ancients,

it

it is probable that we do the beſt of their muſic no hurt in claſſing it with our own.

What perſon of taſte can be inſenſible to the fine airs of, *I'll never leave thee—Allan Water—An' thou wer't mine ain thing—The braes of Ballendine*, &c. when ſung with taſte and feeling!

Love, in its various ſituations of *hope*, *ſucceſs*, *diſappointment*, and *deſpair*, are finely expreſſed in the natural melody of the old Scottiſh ſongs. How naturally does the air correſpond with the following deſcription of the reſtleſs languor of a maid in love!

Ay wa'king oh!
Wa'king ay and wearie;
Sleep I canna get,
For thinking o' my dearie.

When I ſleep, I dream;
When I wake, I'm irie *:
Reſt I canna get,
For thinking o' my dearie.

The ſimple melody of the old ſong *Waly! Waly!* is the pathetic complaint of a forſaken maid, bemoaning

* *Irie* is a Scottiſh word that has no correſpondent term in Engliſh. It implies that ſort of fear which is conceived by a perſon apprehenſive of apparitions.

moaning herſelf along the late-frequented haunts of her and her lover. The old Scottiſh word *waly* ſignifies *wail*, or heavy ſorrow, and lamentation.

Waly! waly! up the bank,
And waly! waly! down the brae;
And waly! waly! on yon burn ſide,
Where I and my true love did gae.

Thus *Petrarch*, in one of his beautiful ſonnets;

Valle, che de lamenti miei ſe' piena,
Fiume, che ſpeſſo del mio pianger creſci.—
Colle che mi piaceſti, hor mi rincreſci,
Ov' ancor per uſanza amor mi mena—
Quinci vedea' l mio bene!—*&c.*

How ſoothing and plaintive is the lullaby of a forſaken miſtreſs over her child, expreſſed in *Lady Anne Bothwell's lament!* How romantic the melody of the old love-ballad of *Hero and Leander!* What a melancholy love-ſtory is told in the old ſong of *Jocky and Sandy!* and what frantic grief expreſſed in *I wiſh I were where Helen lies!*

It were endleſs to run through the many fine airs expreſſive of ſentiment, and paſſion, in the number of our Scottiſh ſongs, which, when ſung in the genuine natural manner, muſt affect the heart of every

very perſon of feeling, whoſe taſte is not vitiated and ſeduced by *faſhion* and *novelty*.

As the Scottiſh ſongs are the *flights of genius*, devoid of art, they bid defiance to artificial graces and affected cadences. A Scots ſong can only be ſung in taſte by a Scottiſh voice. To a ſweet, liquid, flowing voice, capable of ſwelling a note from the ſofteſt to the fulleſt tone, and what the Italians call a *voce di petto*, muſt be joined *ſenſibility* and *feeling*, and a perfect underſtanding of the ſubject, and *words* of the ſong, ſo as to know the *ſignificant word* on which to *ſwell* or *ſoften* the tone, and lay the force of the note. From a want of knowledge of the language, it generally happens, that, to moſt of the foreign maſters, our melodies, at firſt, muſt ſeem wild and uncouth; for which reaſon, in their performance, they generally fall ſhort of our expectation. We ſometimes, however, find a foreign maſter, who, with a genius for the pathetic, and a knowledge of the ſubject and words, has afforded very high pleaſure in a Scottiſh ſong. Who could hear with inſenſibility, or without being moved in the greateſt degree, *Tenducci* ſing *I'll never leave thee*, or *The braes of Ballendine!*—or *Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion*, ſung by Signora *Corri?*

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It is a common defect in ſome who pretend to ſing, to affect to ſmother the words, by not articulating them, ſo as we ſcarce can find out either the ſubject or language of their ſong. This is always a ſign of want of feeling, and the mark of a bad ſinger; particularly of Scottiſh ſongs, where there is generally ſo intimate a correſpondence between the air and ſubject. Indeed, there can be no good vocal muſic without it.

The proper accompaniment of a Scottiſh ſong, is a plain, thin, dropping baſs, on the harpſichord or guittar. The fine breathings, thoſe *heart-felt touches*, which *genius* alone can expreſs, in our ſongs, are loſt in a noiſy accompaniment of inſtruments. The full chords of a thorough-baſs ſhould be uſed ſparingly, and with judgment, not to overpower, but to ſupport and raiſe the voice at proper pauſes.

Where, with a fine voice, is joined ſome ſkill and execution on either of thoſe inſtruments, the air, by way of ſymphony, or introduction to the ſong, ſhould always be firſt played over; and, at the cloſe of every ſtanza, the laſt part of the air ſhould be repeated, as a relief for the voice, which it gracefully ſets off. In this *ſymphonic part*, the performer

performer may ſhew his taſte and fancy on the inſtrument, by varying it *ad libitum*.

A Scottiſh ſong admits of no cadence; I mean, by this, no fanciful or capricious deſcant upon the cloſe of the tune. There is one embelliſhment, however, which a fine finger may eaſily acquire, that is, an eaſy *ſhake*. This, while the organs are flexible in a young voice, may, with practice, be eaſily attained.

A Scottiſh ſong, thus performed, is among the higheſt of entertainments to *a muſical genius*. But is this genius to be acquired either in the performer or hearer? It cannot. *Genius in muſic, as in poetry, is the gift of Heaven.* It is born with us; it is not to be learned.

An artiſt on the violin may diſplay the magic of his fingers, in running from the top to the bottom of the finger-board, in various intricate *capricio's*, which, at moſt, will only excite ſurpriſe; while a very middling performer, of taſte and feeling, in a ſubject that admits of the *pathos*, will touch the heart in its fineſt ſenſations. The fineſt of the Italian compoſers, and many of their ſingers, poſſeſs this to an amazing degree. The opera-airs of

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theſe great maſters, *Pergoleſe*, *Jomelli*, *Galuppi*, *Perez*, and many others of the preſent age, are aſtoniſhingly pathetic and moving. Genius, however, and feeling, are not confined to country or climate. *A maid, at her ſpinning-wheel*, who knew not a note in muſic, with a ſweet voice, and the force of a native genius, has oft drawn tears from my eyes. That gift of Heaven, in ſhort, is not to be defined: It can only be felt.

I cannot better conclude this eſſay, than in the words of one who poſſeſſed it in the moſt exalted degree. Addreſſing himſelf to a young compoſer, he ſpeaks thus: 'Seek not to know what is *genius*. If thou haſt it, thy feelings will tell thee what it is. If thou haſt it not, thou never wilt know it. The genius of the muſician ſubjects the univerſe to its power. It draws its pictures by ſounds. It expreſſes ideas by feelings, and feelings by accents. We feel in our hearts the force of the paſſions which it excites. Through the medium of genius, *pleaſure* aſſumes additional charms, and the *grief* which it excites breaks forth into cries. But, alas! to thoſe who feel not in themſelves the ſpring of genius, its expreſſions convey no idea. Its prodigies are unknown to thoſe who cannot imitate them. Wouldſt

thou

'thou know if thou art animated with one ſpark 'of that bright fire? Run, fly to *Naples*, and there 'liſten to the maſter-pieces of *Leo*, *Durante*, *Jo-* 'melli, *Pergoleſe*. If thine eyes are filled with 'tears, thy heart palpitates, thy whole frame is 'agitated, and the oppreſſion of tranſport ariſes al- 'moſt to ſuffocation; take up *Metaſtaſio*, his ge- 'nius will inflame thine own, and thou wilt com- 'poſe after his example. Theſe are the operations 'of genius, and the tears of others will recom- 'penſe thee for thoſe which thy maſters have cau- 'ſed thee to ſhed. But, if thou art calm and tran- 'quil amidſt the tranſports of that great art; if 'thou feeleſt no delirium, no *ecſtaſy*; if thou art 'only moved with pleaſure, at what ſhould tran- 'ſport thee with rapture, doſt thou dare to aſk 'what *genius* is? Profane not, vulgar man, that 'name ſublime! What does it import thee to know 'what thou canſt never feel?*'

P. S. Since printing the foregoing ſheets, I have ſeen a ſmall volume, juſt now publiſhed at London, entitled, *Select Scottiſh Ballads*, *volume II.* in which the firſt piece is a comic poem, called *Peblis to the Play*, beginning thus, '*At Beltane*,' &c. From

* Rouſſeau, ſous le mot *genie*.

reading this poem, which is ſaid by the editor to be taken from a MS. of Dr Percy's, the learned and ingenious publiſher of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, and diſcovered by him in an ancient MS. collection of old Scottiſh ſongs, preſerved in the Pepyſian Library. Although at preſent I will not take upon me to determine with preciſion, yet I incline to think that this may be the poem mentioned in the quotation from *Major*, p. 200. of this Diſſertation, as a popular ballad compoſed by King James I. and, taking it as ſuch, I think the Public is greatly indebted to Dr Percy for the diſcovery of one of the *deſiderata* of the poetical works of that Prince; and likewiſe to the ingenious editor of the Scottiſh Ballads, for giving it to the Public. The editor has added a ſhort note, as the remark of Dr Percy on this poem, which is as follows: 'This 'ſong, written by King James I. is a proof that '*Chriſt's Kirk on the Green* was written by his de-'ſcendant James V. being evidently a more mo-'dern compoſition.'

High as my opinion is of Dr Percy's judgment, I can by no means ſubmit to his deciſion on this point. I have read both the poems in queſtion with attention, the reſult of which, in my humble opinion, is, that they appear to be compoſitions of the ſame age. It muſt be confeſſed, that, in judg-

ing

ing of ancient writings, it is no eaſy matter, to fix, with preciſion, the true aera to which poems written even within a century of one another may belong. To give one example: No body will doubt that the poem called *The King's Quair* was written by King James I. As little doubt is there of the authenticity of the *Æneis of Virgil*, by Gavin Douglas; and, although there has elapſed near a century between the firſt and the laſt of theſe poems, to one who was to judge only from the language, without knowing the preciſe age in which theſe poems were written, it would be difficult to aſcertain which of them is moſt modern. To give another inſtance: Chaucer, at this day, appears to be as modern, and fully as intelligible in his language, as Gavin Douglas's *Æneis*, written above a hundred years after.

Language, like manners, varies in its progreſſion. At different periods it is ſometimes rapid, ſometimes ſlow, and often ſtationary, according to the influence of contingent circumſtances. Who would judge, from the language of *Boccaccio*, or *Petrarcha*, and that of *Metaſtaſio*, that near four centuries had elapſed between them? The truth is, that, from Chaucer to near a century after, the Engliſh language appears to have advanced very little, that

is,

is, during the bloody wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter; ſo that, of writings falling within that period, it is no eaſy matter to diſcern any diſcrepancy of language. But, to come to a cloſer examination, there appears in both poems a ſimilarity of phraſe and of words, of which ſeveral inſtances might be given, ſufficient to ſhow that they are coeval, and probably the works of the ſame hand. Indeed, to give judgment between them, or to ſay that the one is of an age older than the other, appears to me to be ſo nice, that, were I not convinced, from their internal marks, that they have been written in the ſame age, one might be induced to think, from ſundry ſtanzas in the poem of *Peblis*, that it is much more modern than *Chriſt's Kirk*. The following ſtanzas, by changing only the orthography in a few of the final ſyllables, might paſs for the language of the preſent century, ſo inconcluſive are the arguments that may be uſed on this head.

See the 1ſt, 2d, and 4th ſtanzas.—The following 9th ſtanza, in the modern Scottiſh orthography, might paſs as the production of the preſent day:

'Then they came to the town's end,
'Withouten more delay,

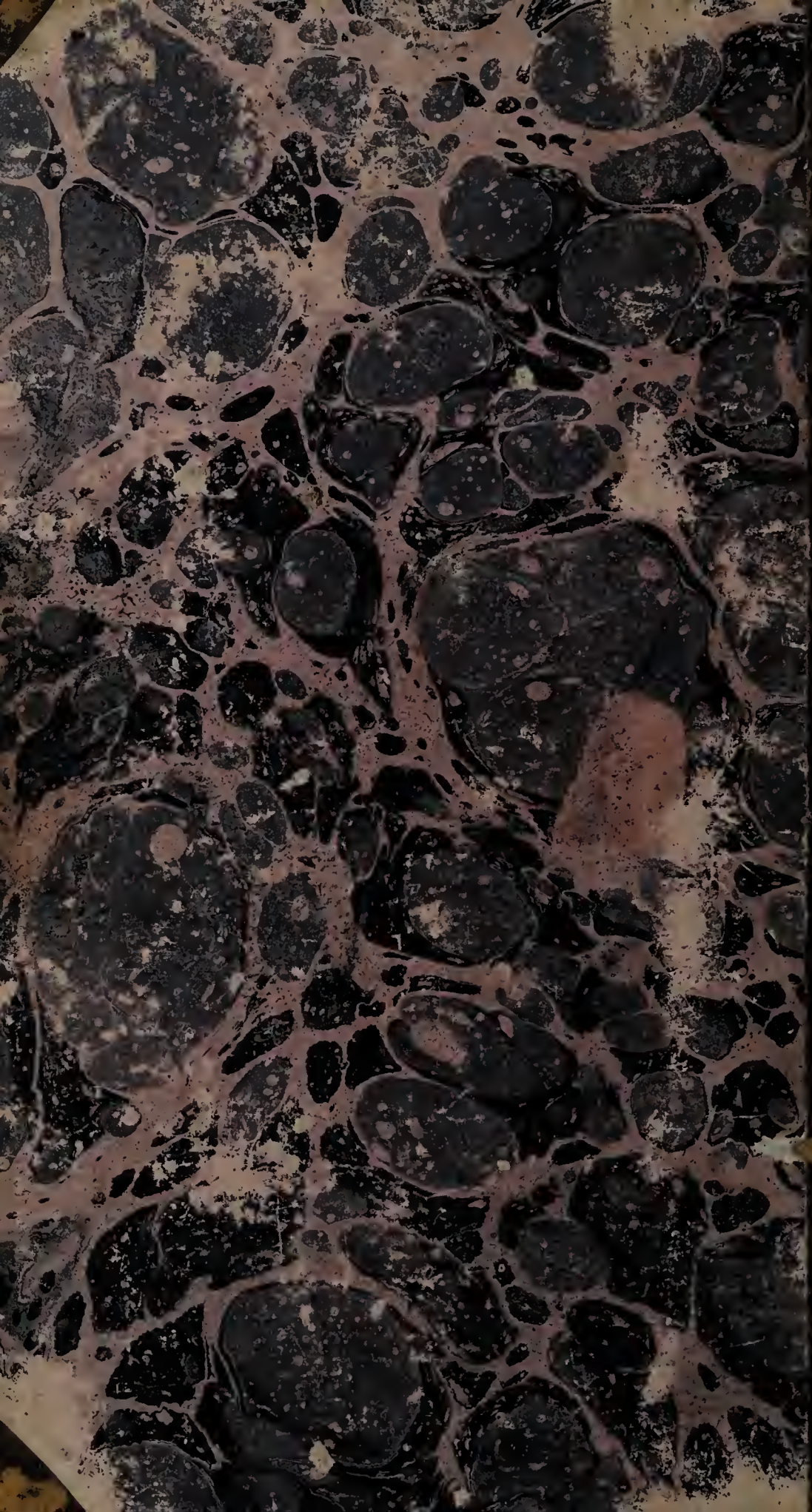
'He

'He before, and ſhe before,
'To ſee wha was maiſt gay:
'All that looked them upon
'Leuch faſt at thair aray;
'Some ſaid that they were market folk,
'Some ſaid the Queen of May
'Was come,
'Of Peblis to the play.'

In ſhort, unleſs in ſome uncouth words only, which, in a ludicrous poem, deſcribing the low manners of the times in the vulgar language, and which words occur occaſionally and as frequently in the poem of *Chriſt's Kirk* as in that of *Peblis*, the one is as intelligible to every Scottiſh reader, who is acquainted with the vulgar language of his country, as the other.

After all, I imagine my complaiſance to Dr Percy carries me rather too far, when I argue this point, upon his own principles, while there is the moſt poſitive evidence againſt the Doctor's conjecture; evidence which muſt outweigh all conjecture. Mr George Banantyne, one of the canons of the cathedral of Murray, living in the age of *James V.* gives the ſtrongeſt negative teſtimony, that that Prince was not the author of *Chriſt's Kirk of the Green*, by aſſerting poſitively that the poem was written by

King

King James I. Let me aſk the gentlemen on the other ſide of the queſtion, Have they ever heard of any teſtimony, coeval with Banantyne, that contradicts him? No; it will not be alledged; nor is there is any ſuch aſſertion for more than a hundred years after. Biſhop Gibſon is the firſt who, in *anno* 1691, ſays, in his edition of *Chriſt's Kirk*, that it is *ſuppoſed* to have been written by James V. and, upon his bare ſuppoſition, later writers have followed him. Thus far I think it neceſſary to add to what I have already ſaid on this point, in anſwer to the opinion of Dr Percy, taking it, upon the credit of the editor of the Select Scottiſh Ballads, that the foregoing remark is his.

F I N I S.